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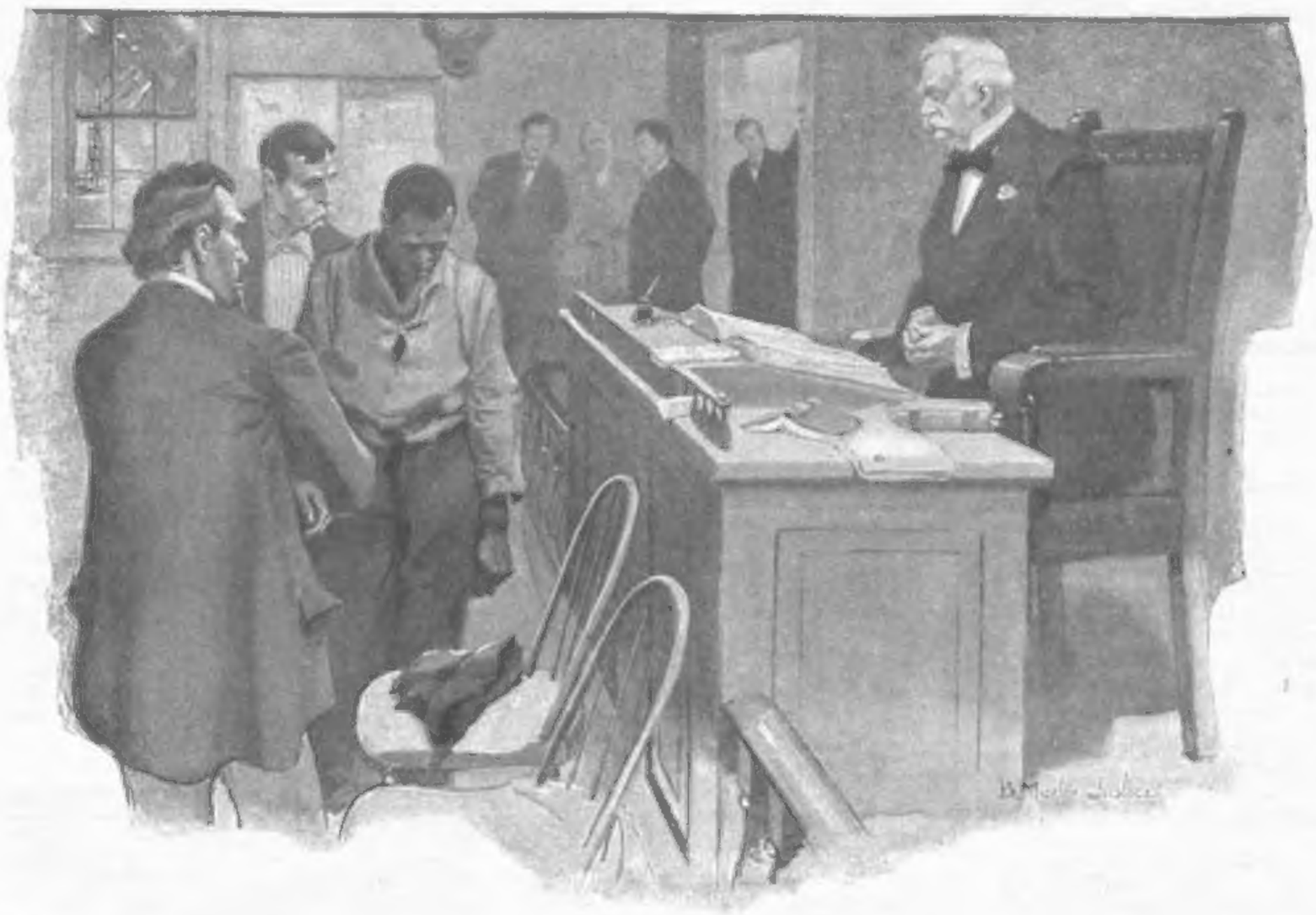
ACCORDING TO LAW*

By F. Hopkinson Smith



CHAPTER I

THE luncheon was at one o'clock. Not one of your club luncheons, served in a silent, sedate mausoleum on the principal street, where your host in the hall below enters your name in a ledger, and a brass-be-buttoned Yellowplush precedes you upstairs and into a desolate room furnished with chairs and a round table, decorated with pink *boutonnières*, set for six, and where you are plied with Manhattans until the other guests arrive.

Nor yet was it one of your smart petticoat luncheons in a Fifth Avenue mansion, where a Delmonico veteran, pressed into service for the occasion, waves you upstairs to another recruit, who deposits your coat and hat on a bed, and who later ushers you into a room ablaze with gaslights—at midday, remember—where you and the other unfortunates are served with English pheasants cooked in their own feathers, or Kennebec salmon embroidered with beets and appliquéd with green mayonnaise. Not that kind of a midday meal at all.

On the contrary, it was served—no, it was eaten—reveled in, made merry over, in an ancient house fronting on a sleepy old park filled with live oaks and magnolias, their trunks streaked with green moss and their branches draped with gray crape: an ancient house with a big white door that stood wide open to welcome you—it was December, too—and two verandas on either side stretched out like welcoming arms, their railings half hidden in clinging roses.

There was an old grandmother, too—quaint as a miniature—with fluffy white cap and a white worsted shawl and tea-rose cheeks, and a smile like an opening window, so sunny did it make her face. And how delightfully she welcomed us. I can hear even now the very tones of her voice, and feel the soft, cool, restful touch of her hand.

And there was an old darky, black as a gum shoe, with tufts of grizzled gray wool glued to his temples—one of those loyal old house-servants of the South who belong to a régime that is past. I watched him from the parlor scuffling with his feet as he limped along the wide hall to announce each new arrival (his master's old Madeira had foundered him, they said, years before), and always reaching the drawing-room door long after the newcomer had been welcomed by shouts of laughter and the open arms of every one in the room; the newcomer was another girl, of course.

And this drawing-room, now I think of it, was not like any other drawing-room that I knew. Very few things in it matched. The carpet was a faded red, and of different shades of repair. The hangings were of yellow silk. There were haircloth sofas, and a big fireplace, and plenty of rocking-chairs, and lounges covered with chintz of every pattern and softened with cushions of every hue.

At one end hung a large mirror made of squares of glass laid like tiles in a dull gilt frame that had held it together for nearly a century, and on the same wall, too, and all so splotched and mouldy with age that the girls had to stoop down to pick out a pane clear enough to straighten their bonnets by.

And on the side wall there were family portraits, and over the mantel queer Chinese porcelains and a dingy coat-of-arms in a dingier frame, and on every table, in all kinds of dishes, flat, and square, and round, there were heaps and heaps of roses—De Voinenses, Hermosas and Agrippinas—whose distinguished ancestors, hardy sons of the soil, came direct from the Mayflower (this shall not happen again), and who consequently never knew the enervating influences of a hot-house. And there were marble busts on pedestals, and a wonderful clock on high legs, and medallions with weeping willows of somebody's hair, besides a miscellaneous collection of large and small bric-à-brac, the heirlooms of five generations.

And yet, with all this mismatching of color, form and style—this chronological array of fittings and furnishings, beginning with the mouldy mirror and ending with the modern straw chair—there was a harmony that satisfied one's every sense.

And so restful, and helpful, and comforting, and companionable was it all, and so accustomed was everything to be walked over, and sat on, and kicked about; so glad to be punched out of shape if it were a cushion which you needed for some special curve in your back or twist of your head; so delighted to be scratched, or slopped over, or scarred full of holes if it were a table that could hold your books or pastepot or lighted pipe; so hilariously joyful to be stretched out of shape or sagged into irredeemable bulges if it were a straw chair that could soothe your aching bones or rest a tired muscle!

When all the girls and young fellows had arrived—such pretty girls, with such soft, liquid voices and captivating dialect, the one their black mammies had taught them—and such unconventional, happy young fellows in all sorts of costumes from blue flannel to broadcloth—one in a Prince Albert coat and a straw hat in his hand, and it near Christmas—the old darky grew more and more restless, limping in and out of the open door, dodging anxiously into the drawing-room and out again, his head up like a terrapin's.

Finally he veered across to a seat by the window, and shielding his mouth with his wrinkled, leathery paw, bent over the old grandmother and poured into her ear a communication of such vital import that the dear old lady arose at once and, taking my hand, said in her low, sweet voice that we would wait no longer for the Judge, who was detained in court.

After which the aged Terrapin scuffled out again, reappearing almost immediately before the door in white gloves inches too long at the fingers. Then bowing himself backward he preceded us into the dining-room.

And the table was so inviting when we took our seats around it, I sitting on the right of the grandmother—being the only stranger—and the prettiest of all the girls next to me. And the merriment was so contagious, and the sallies of wit so sparkling, and the table itself! Solid mahogany, this old heirloom! Rich and dark as a meerschaum. The kind of mahogany that looked as if all the fine old Madeira and choice Port that had been drunk above it had soaked into its pores. And every fibre of it in evidence, too, except where the silver coasters, and the huge silver centrepiece filled with roses, and the plates and the necessary appointments hid its shining countenance.

And the aged Terrapin evidently appreciated in full the sanctity of this family altar, and duly realized the importance of his position as its High Priest. Indeed, there was a gravity, a dignity and repose about him as he limped through his ministrations which I had noticed in him

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before. If he showed any nervousness at all it was as he glanced now and then toward the drawing-room door through which the Judge must enter.

And yet he appeared outwardly calm, even under this strain. For had he not provided for every emergency? Were not His Honor's viands already at that moment on the kitchen hearth, with special plates over them to keep them hot against his arrival?

There was an old grandmother, too——

And what a luncheon it was! The relays of fried chicken, baked sweet potatoes, corn-bread, and mango pickles—a most extraordinary production, I maintain, is a mango pickle!—and things baked on top and brown, and other things baked on the bottom and creamy white.

And the fun, too, as each course appeared and disappeared only to be followed by something more extraordinary and seductive. The men continued to talk, and the girls never ceased laughing, and the grandmother's eyes constantly followed the Terrapin, giving him mysterious orders with the slightest raising of an eyelash, and we had already reached the salad—or was it the baked ham?—when the fairy in the pink waist next me clapped her hands and cried out:

"Oh, you dear Judge! We waited an hour for you"—it doubtless seemed long to her. "What in the world kept you?"

"Couldn't help it, little one," came a voice in reply, and a man with silver-white hair, dignified bearing and a sunny smile on his face edged his way around the table to the grandmother, every hand held out to him as he passed, and bending low over the dear lady expressed his regrets at having been detained.

Then with an extended hand to me, and, "It gives me very great pleasure to see you in this part of the South, sir," he sat down in the vacant chair, nodding to everybody graciously as he spread his napkin. A moment later he leaned forward and said in explanation to the grandmother: "I waited for the jury to come in. You received my message, of course?"

"Oh, yes, dear Judge; and although we missed you, we sat down at once."

"Have you been in court all day?" I asked as an introductory remark. Of course he had if he had waited for the jury. What an extraordinary collection of idiocies one could make if he jotted down all the stupid things said and heard when conversations were being opened!

"Yes, I am sorry to say, trying one of those cases which are becoming daily more common."

I looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, a negro, of course," and the Judge picked up his fork and moved back the wine-glass.

"And such dreadful things happen, and such dreadful creatures are going about," said the grandmother, raising her hand deprecatingly.

"How do you account for it, madam?" I replied. "It was quite different before the war. I have often heard my father tell of the old days, and how much the masters did for their slaves, and how loyal their servants were. I remember one old servant whom we boys called Daddy Billy, who was really one of the family—quite like your——" and I nodded toward the Terrapin, who at the moment was pouring a thin stream of brown sherry into an equally attenuated glass for the special comfort and sustenance of the last arrival.

"Oh, you mean Mordecai," she interrupted, looking at the Terrapin. "He has always been one of our family. How long do you think he has lived with us?"—and she lowered her voice—"Forty-eight years—long before the war—and we love him dearly. My father gave him to us. No, it is not the old house servants—it is these new negroes, born since the war, that make all the trouble."

"You are right, madam. They are not like Mordecai," and the Judge held up the thin glass between his eye and the light. "God bless the day when Mordecai was born! I think this is the Amazon sherry, is it not, my dear madam?"

"Yes, Mordecai's sherry, as we sometimes call it. It may interest you, sir, to hear about it," and she turned to me again. "This wine that the Judge praises so highly was once the pride of my husband's heart, and when Sherman came through and burned our homes, among the few things that were saved were sixty-two bottles of this old Amazon sherry, named after the ship that brought it over. Mordecai buried them in the woods and never told a single soul for two years after—not even my husband. There are a few bottles left, and I always bring one out when we have distinguished guests," and she bowed her head to the Judge and to me. "Oh, yes, Mordecai has always been one of our family, and so has his wife, who is almost as old as he is. She is in the kitchen now, and cooked this luncheon. If these new negroes would only behave like the old ones we would have no trouble," and a faint sigh escaped her.

The Terrapin, who during the conversation had disappeared in search of another hot course for the Judge, had now reappeared, and so the conversation was carried on in a tone too low for his ears.

"And has any effort been made to bring these modern negroes, as you call them, into closer relation with you all, and——?"

"It would be useless," interrupted the Judge. "The old negroes were held in check by their cabin life and the influence of the 'great house,' as the planter's home was called. All this has passed away. This new product has no home and wants none. They live like animals, and are ready for any crime. Sometimes I think they care neither for wife, child, nor any family tie. The situation is deplorable, and is getting worse every day. It is only the strong hand of the law that now controls these people." His Honor spoke with some positiveness, I thought, and with some warmth.

"But," I broke in, "if when things became more settled you had begun by treating them as your friends"—I was getting into shoal water, but I blundered on, peering into the fog—"and if you had not looked upon them as an alien race who——"

Just here the siren with the pink waist who sat next me—bless her sweet face!—blew her conch-shell—she had seen the rocks ahead—and cried out:

"Now, grandma, please stop talking about the war!" (The dear lady had been silent for five minutes.) "We're tired and sick of it, aren't we, girls? And don't you say another word, Judge. You've got to tell us some stories."

A rattle of glasses from all the young people was the response, and the Judge rose, with his hand on his heart and his eyes upraised like those of a dying saint. He protested gallantly that he hadn't said a word, and the grandmother insisted with a laugh that she had merely told me about Mordecai hiding the sherry, while I vowed with much solemnity that I had not once opened my lips since I sat down, and called upon the siren in pink to confirm it. To my great surprise, she promptly did, with an arch look of mock reproof in her eye; whereupon, with an atoning bow to her, I grasped the lever, rang "full speed," and thus steamed out into deep water again.

While all this was going on at our end of the table a running fire of fun had been kept up at the other end, near the young man in the Prince Albert coat, which soon developed into heavy practice, the Judge with infinite zest joining in the merriment, exploding one story after another, each followed by peals of laughter and each better than the other, His Honor eating his luncheon all the while with great gusto as he handled the battery.

During all this the Terrapin neglected no detail of his duty, but served the fifth course to the ladies and the kept-hot courses to the Judge with equal dexterity, and both at the same time, and all without spilling a drop or clinking a plate.

When the ladies had withdrawn and we were seated on the veranda fronting the sleepy old park, each man with a rose in his buttonhole, the gift of the girl who sat next him (the grandmother had pinned the rose she wore at her throat on the lapel of the Judge's coat), and when the Terrapin had produced a silver tray and was about to fill some little eggshell cups from a George-the-Third coffee-pot, the Judge, who was lying back in a straw chair, a picture of perfect repose and of peaceful digestion, turned his head slightly toward me and said:

"I am sorry, sir, but I shall be obliged to leave you in a few minutes. I have to sentence a negro by the name of Sam Crouch. When these ladies can spare you it will give me very great pleasure to have you come into court and see how we administer justice to this much-abused and much-misunderstood race," and he smiled significantly at me.

"What was his crime, Judge?" asked the young man in the Prince Albert coat as he held out his cup for Mordecai to fill. "Stealing chickens?" The gayety of the table was evidently still with him and upon him.

"No," replied the Judge gravely, and he looked at me, the faintest gleam of triumph in his eyes; "Murder."

Chapter II

THERE are contrasts in life, sudden transitions from light to dark, startling as those one experiences in dropping from out the light of a spring morning redolent with perfume into the gloom of a coal mine choked with noxious vapors—out of a morning, if you will, all joy and gladness, and the music of many birds; a morning when the wide, white sky is filled with cloud ships drifting lazily; when the trees wave in the freshening wind, and the lark hanging in mid-air pours out its soul for very joy of living!

And the horror of that other! The never-ending night and silence; the foul air reeking with stifling odors; the narrow walls where men move as ghosts with heads alight, their bodies lost in the shadows; the ominous sounds of falling rock thundering through the blackness; and again, when all is still, the slow drop, drop of the ooze, like the tick of a death-watch. It is a prison and a tomb, and to those who breathe the sweet air of heaven, and who love the sunshine, the very house of despair.

I myself experienced one of these contrasts when I exchanged all the love and gladness, all the wit and laughter and charm of the luncheon, for the court-room.

It was on the ground floor, level with the grass of the court-yard, which a sudden storm had just drenched. The approach was through a cold, cryptlike passage running under heavy brick arches. At its end hung a door blocked up with slouching ragged figures, craning their woolly heads for a glimpse inside whenever some official or visitor passed in or out.

I elbowed by way past the constables holding long staffs, and standing on my toes looked over a sea of heads—a compact mass wedged together as far down as the rail outside the bench. The air was sickening, loathsome, almost unbreathable. The only light, except the dull gray light of the day, came from a single gas jet flaring over the Judge's head. Every other part of the court-room was lost in the shadow of the passing storm.

Inside the space where the lawyers sat the floor was littered with torn papers, and the tables were heaped with bundles of briefs and law books in disorder, many of them opened face down.

Behind me rose the gallery reserved for negroes, a loft without window or light, hanging like a huge black shadow without form or outline. Over this huge black shadow were spattered specks of white. As I looked again I could see that these were the strained eyeballs and set teeth of motionless negroes.

The Judge, with his hands loosely clasped together, sat leaning forward in his seat, and kept his eyes fastened on the prisoner. The flare of the gas jet fell on his stern, immobile face, and cast clear-lined shadows that cut his profile sharp as a cameo. The effect of this profile in the weird gloom was that of a camera slide illuminating a black background.

The negro stood below him, his head on his chest, his arms hanging straight. On either side, close within reach of the doomed man, were the sheriffs—rough-looking men, with silver shields on their breasts. They looked straight at the Judge, nodding mechanically as each word fell from his lips. They knew the litany.

The condemned man was evidently under thirty years of age, of almost pure African blood, well built and strong. The forehead was low, the lips heavy, the jaw firm. The brown-black face showed no cruelty; the eyes were not cunning. It was only a dull, inert face, like those of a dozen others about him.

As he turned again I saw that his hair was cut short, revealing lighter-colored scars on the scalp—records of a not too peaceful life, perhaps. His dress was ragged and dingy—patched trousers and shabby shoes, and a worn flannel shirt open at the throat, the skin darker than the flannel. On a chair beside him lay a crumpled slouch hat, grimed with dirt, the crown frayed and torn.

As I pressed my way farther into the throng toward the bench the voice of the Judge rose, filling every part of the room, the words falling slowly, as earth drops upon a coffin:

"——until you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

I looked searchingly into the speaker's face. There was not an expression that I could recall, nor a tone in his voice that I remembered. Surely this could not be the same man I had met at the table but an hour before, with that musical laugh and winning smile. I scrutinized him more closely—the rose was still in his buttonhole.

As the voice ceased the condemned man lifted his face and turned his head slowly. For a moment his eyes rested on the Judge; then they moved to the clerks sitting silent and motionless; then behind, at the constables, and then up into the black vault packed with his own people.

—the aged Terrapin evidently appreciated in full the sanctity of this family altar, and duly realized the importance of his position as its High Priest

A deathlike silence met him everywhere.

One of the officers stepped closer. The condemned man riveted his gaze upon him and held out his hands helplessly; the officer leaned forward and adjusted the handcuffs. Then came the sharp click of their teeth, like the snap of a hungry wolf.

The two men—the criminal judged according to the law, and the sheriff, its executor—chained by their wrists, wheeled about and faced the crowd. The constables raised their staffs, formed a guard, and forced a way through the crowd, the silent gallery following with their eyes until the door closed upon them.

Then through the gloom there ran the audible shiver of pent-up sighs, low whispers, and the stretching of tired muscles.

When I reached the Judge he was just entering the door of the ante-room opening into his private quarters. His sunny smile had returned, although the voice had not altogether regained its former ring. He said:

"I trust you were not too late. I waited a few minutes, hoping you had come, and then when it became so dark I

ordered a light lit, but I couldn't find you in the crowd. Come in. Let me present you to the District Attorney and to the young lawyer whom I appointed to defend the prisoner. While I was passing sentence they were discussing the verdict. Were you in time for the sentence?" he continued.

"No," I answered, after shaking hands with both gentlemen and taking the chair which one of them offered me; "only the last part. But I saw the man before they led him away, and I must say he didn't look much like a criminal. Tell me something about the murder," and I turned to the young lawyer—a smooth-faced young man with long, black hair tucked behind his ears and a frank, open countenance.

"You'd better ask the District Attorney," he answered, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "He is the only one about here who seems to know anything about the *murder;* my client, Crouch, didn't, anyhow. I was counsel for the defense."

He spoke with some feeling, and I thought with some irritation, but whether because of his chagrin at losing the case, or because of real sympathy for the negro I could not tell.

"You seem to forget the jury," answered the District Attorney in a self-satisfied way; "they evidently knew something about it." There was a certain elation in his manner, as he spoke, that surprised me—quite as if he had won a bet. That a life had been played for and lost seemed only to heighten his interest in the game.

"No, I don't forget the jury," retorted the young man, "and I don't forget some of the witnesses; nor do I forget what you made them say and how you got some of them tangled up. That negro is as innocent of that crime as I am. Don't you think so, Judge?" and he turned to the table and began gathering up his papers.

His Honor had settled himself in his chair, the back tipped against the wall. His old manner had returned, so had the charm of his voice. He had picked up a reed pipe when he entered the room, and had filled it with tobacco, which he had broken in fine grains in the palm of his hand. He was now puffing away steadily to keep it alight.

"I have no opinion to offer, gentlemen, one way or the other. The matter, of course, is closed as far as I am concerned. I think you will both agree, however, whatever may be your personal feelings, that my rulings were fair. As far as I could see, the witnesses told a straight story, and upon their evidence the jury brought in the verdict. I think, too, my charge was just. There was—" here the Judge puffed away vigorously—"there was, therefore, nothing left for me to do but——" puff—puff—"to sentence him. Hang that pipe! It won't draw," and the Judge, with one of his musical laughs, rose from his chair and pulled a straw from the broom in the corner.

The District Attorney looked at the opposing counsel and laughed. Then he added, as an expression of ill-concealed contempt for his inexperience crept over his face:

"Don't worry over it, my boy. This is one of your first cases, and I know it comes hard, but you'll get over it before you've tried as many of them as I have. The nigger hadn't a dollar, and somebody had to defend him. The Judge appointed you, and you've done your duty well, and lost—that's all there is to it. But I'll tell you one thing for your information"—and his voice assumed a serious tone—"and one which you did not notice in this trial, which you would have done had you known the ways of these niggers as I do, and it went a long way with me in establishing his guilt. From the time Crouch was arrested, down to this very afternoon when the Judge sentenced him, not one of his people has ever turned up—no father, mother, wife nor child—not one."

"That's not news to me," interrupted the young man. "I tried to get something from Crouch myself, but he wouldn't talk."

"Of course he wouldn't talk, and you know why; simply because he didn't want to be spotted for some other crime. This nigger, Crouch"—and the District Attorney looked my way—"is a product of the war—a shiftless tramp that preys on society." His remarks were evidently intended for me, for the Judge was not listening, nor was the young lawyer. "Most of this class of criminals have no homes, and if they had they lie about them, so afraid are they, if they're fortunate enough to be discharged, that they'll be rearrested for a crime committed somewhere else."

"Which discharge doesn't very often happen around here," remarked the young man with a sneer; "not if you can help it."

"No, which doesn't very often happen around here *if I can help it.* You're right. That's what I'm here for," he retorted with some irritation. "And now I'll tell you another thing. I had a second talk with Crouch only this afternoon after the verdict"—and he turned to me—"while the Judge was lunching with you, sir, and I begged him, now that it was all over, to send for his people, but he was stubborn as a mule, and swore he had no one who would want to see him. I don't suppose he had; he's been an outcast since he was born."

"And that's why you worked so hard to hang him, was it?" The young man was thoroughly angry. I could see the color mount to his cheeks. I could see, too, that Crouch had no friends, except this young sprig of the law, who seemed as much chagrined over the loss of his case as anything else. And yet, I confess, I did not let my sympathies for the under dog get the better of me. I knew enough of the record of this new race not to recognize that there could be two sides to questions like this.

The District Attorney bit his lip at the young man's thrust. Then he answered him slowly—but without any show of anger:

"You have one thing left, you know. You can ask for a new trial. What do you say, Judge?"

The Judge made no answer. He evidently had lost all interest in the case, for during the discussion he had been engaged in twisting the end of the straw into the stem of the pipe and peering into the clogged bowl with one eye shut.

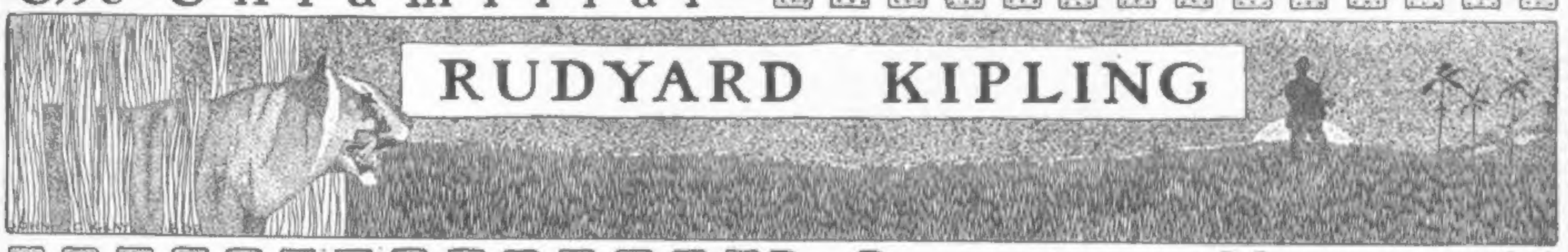
"And if the Judge granted it, what good would it do?" burst out the young man as he rose to his feet. "If Sam Crouch had a soul as white as snow it wouldn't help him with these juries around here as long as his skin is the color it is!" and he put on his hat and left the room.

The Judge looked after him a moment and then said:

"Our young men, sir, are impetuous and outspoken, but their hearts are all right. I have not a doubt but that Crouch was a guilty man. He has probably been a vagrant all his life."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Unfamiliar RUDYARD KIPLING



By Perriton Maxwell

AND now, ayah dearie, I will tell *you* a bandar story, and you will listen with your mouth and eyes wide open, and shiver at the right time, same as I do when you tell about the wicked langur of Jakko; and then you must look frightened and stop your ears with your finger-tips, and ask for more stories just as terrible.

"Once upon a time there lived a bad nat bandar in a big babul tree——"

It must have been a wonderfully fascinating narrative of the depraved nat bandar or demon-monkey that the little boy told to his Anglo-Indian nurse in the cool nursery in Bombay, for long years afterward, when the grown-up Kipling Sahib's name was on every one's lips, the guardian of his youth recalled with motherlike pride this childish fiction, the very first of all the splendid stories invented by the foremost of living tale-makers.

To those who know him well Mr. Kipling is the personification of gentleness and courtesy, and from those only who know him well the present writer has been able to gather the materials for an accurate portrait of the real Rudyard Kipling, creator of immortal Mulvaney, pen-father to Wee Willie Winkie, Punch-Baba and the profane little drummer-heroes of The Fore and Aft. It should be enough to recall these names to convince the most prejudiced that the man who has told their story must be first and last a gentle reader of children's hearts and ways.

Precocious beyond his years, little Rudyard is on record as declaring with baby passion for games that were hard to play as against the simpler pastimes of the nursery. Books he craved and read understandingly at an age when most boys are still in their tin-soldier period. His precocity, however, was not of an unhealthy sort. Lusty of lung and limb, he was every inch a boy—brown, thoughtful, and keen for the wonder side of things.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR

In the crucible of his complex nature three national ingredients have been compounded. The Kiplings came originally from Holland four centuries ago, but on the side of Rudyard's mother there is Scotch and Irish blood, and in his father's veins there flows the sturdy English strain of temper and habit. The grandfathers of Mr. Kipling were clergymen; his grandmothers were bookish ladies.

John Lockwood Kipling, the father, is a man of strenuous artistic temperament, and as Director of the Art Schools of the Madras Presidency in India, as Professor of Architecture and Sculpture in the School of Art in Bombay, and as Curator of the Government Museum at Lahore he has accomplished much in the way of æsthetic advancement in the far East. The elder Kipling is the author of a volume entitled Man and Beast in India, and from him the son inherits his noticeable love for things artistic and a certain facility in sketching. Kipling's literary talent comes direct from his mother, herself a writer of prose and verse of no mean quality.

The biographical facts concerning Rudyard Kipling can be put down in few words. Born in Bombay, December 30, 1865, he traveled with his father to England at the age of twelve, and thence went to Paris and saw the exhibition there, which made a strong impression upon his mind.

Before returning to India, the elder Kipling placed Rudyard in the United Service College, Westward Ho, in the parish of Northam, North Devon, England. This college is the scene of the boyish escapades so charmingly narrated in the Stalky & Co. stories.

As a schoolboy Rudyard exhibited no special brilliancy. He was under the average height, near-sighted, and quiet in demeanor. He has worn spectacles since he was ten years old, and his manner of stumbling over things won for him the *sobriquet* of Beetle—an insect given to blundering against every obstacle in its pathway. Rudyard was an indifferent scholar, with a low percentage in mathematics, but a frequent prize-winner in English literature and the classics.

KIPLING AS A NEWSPAPER MAN

During two of the five years spent at college he was editor of the United Service College Chronicle, in the files of which many truly Kiplingesque gems may be read by those fortunate enough to gain access to this schoolboy journal.

In 1883 Kipling returned to his father's house in Lahore, and soon afterward secured a position as sub-editor of the Civil and Military Gazette. Here he often worked during sixteen of the day's twenty-four hours.

His duties were numerous and exacting; he edited all the telegraphic copy, wrote the headings for all official reports, wrote short editorials on topics of local interest, and acted as reporter and editor of sporting and suburban news. Besides these duties, it fell to him to read all the proofs, except the editorial matter, and frequently he was called upon to make up the type forms and "put the paper to bed," as is styled the act of getting the forms on the press.

Mr. Kipling was a good reporter and a conscientious editor, according to the word of those who were associated with him in his journalistic days, and the statement is not hard to believe.

THE AUTHOR AS A BUSINESS MAN

No popular writer of our period places a higher commercial value on the products of his pen, and none receives such large prices for his work as does Mr. Kipling.

Then, too, he is a slow, painstaking producer. He writes laboriously and with conscious effort. One who has watched him at work in his study at Brattleboro describes him as resembling "a very large and shaggy mastiff teasing and buffeting a tiny mouse over a broad sheet of white paper—the mouse being the author's nervous pen."

He is his own most exacting critic, and has himself declared that, for every story he permits to get into type, six other stories are resolutely fed to his waste-basket. Methodical as a workman, he brooks no interruption, and the humblest factory slave works with no closer attention to the hour of commencing and quitting his daily task. "It is not what you write," he recently confided to a friend, "but where and when and how."

As a specimen of his businesslike ways of making and selling manuscripts, it is worth noting that Mr. Kipling has contracted to write eight stories for one of the English magazines this year, and for each story he is to receive $1200, which price is merely for serial rights in Great Britain. Add to this item the author's revenue for the same stories received from American editors, which will probably be five or six hundred dollars more than the English price, and to those figures add book royalties in both countries, and in India and the British colonies, and you will have some idea of Mr. Kipling's income from work that will probably occupy him for two months. For each story he receives ultimately about $5000, and his annual income is estimated by one of his publishers as not less than $60,000, or $10,000 more than that of the President of the United States.

Mr. A. P. Watt, of London, the man into whose hands Mr. Kipling places much of his output, admires the writer even more as a business man than as an author; he waxes eloquent with a business man's strong words when he speaks of the Anglo-Indian's shrewdness and perspicacity in arranging for the publication of his stories and poems.

Said Mr. Watt recently:

"He has destroyed the fondest tradition of the reading public—that a great author can never be a good man of affairs." For his railroad story, No. 007, some 7000 words in length, Mr. Kipling received $1500. Twenty cents a word is the high-water mark in author's pay, though it is to be noted that not even to-day can Mr. Kipling get such unprecedented prices for his literary wares outside of the land which gave him his wife.

HIS GENTLE REVENGE ON OUIDA

When Kipling's name began to be the synonym for the most modern note in fiction, Ouida wrote to the London Times, the paper that had virtually introduced Kipling to the world:

> "He has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them."

Later the gods gave Kipling his opportunity for revenge, and although the authorship of the following characterization has never been told till now, there seems to be no reason why the story should be withheld and the kindlier side of Kipling's nature thereby exploited.

> "Ouida," he wrote, "is a cynical, yellow woman in a lilac frock, who drinks tea and brandy, and smokes cigarettes; the world to her is as hollow as a sucked egg, bitter as green nuts; but there are certain people in the slums of Florence who could tell rare stories of her generosity and kindness. She smokes and smokes, and says nothing of her numerous charities. 'Never speak of your good deeds,' she says, 'or some one may find out your motive.'"

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSLATING KIPLING

Although Mr. Kipling's works have remained unknown to the vast majority of European readers until a year ago, there are now on record four of his books that have been rendered into German, two in Norwegian and Italian, and The Jungle Books have just appeared in France under the title Les Livres de la Jungle.

It is almost impossible to rehabilitate in a foreign tongue the English of this author, as his translators well know. Kipling in French is as impossible as Irish dialect in the

tongue of the Pharaohs. His unconventional turning of a phrase and his almost brutal directness of speech have kept his French translators, MM. Fabulet and D'Hanieres, in a constant fever of composition.

MR. KIPLING'S WORST ANACHRONISM

Mr. Kipling has not often been caught napping pen in hand, and the worst charge ever laid at his door by the critical sharps is in one of the finest ballads, The Conundrum of the Workshops, in which he puts the building of the Tower of Babel before the Deluge.

While this Biblical anachronism has been proclaimed from the housetops by supercritical folk, the author has never seen fit to rectify the blunder, though to do so needs but the transposition of the third and fourth verses in the poem.

A TRIBUTE TO "MOWGLI'S PAPA"

It was while the much-loved author lay unconscious and seemingly beyond human aid that the greatest tribute to his genius was paid him by two children.

Into the corridor of the Hotel Grenoble a six-year-old boy in kilts, dragging by the hand a scared-looking sister one year his junior, pattered early one morning and made for the clerk's desk.

"What do you want, little ones?" inquired the chief clerk.

"Me and Gertie wants to div Mr. Tiplin' dis. We b'wart it frum our house 'cause mamma said he was sick, an' we always dwinks it when we's sick, don't we, Gertie?"

"What is it you want to give Mr. Kipling?"

"Ith's parwegorwic, an' we want Mowgli's papa to dwink it an' get well of his sick."

"All right, my huskies, I'll see that Mr. Kipling gets the paregoric if he never gets anything else," and the clerk cleared his throat as he asked the children where they lived, and directed a porter to see them safely home.

When he recovered from his long illness, Mr. Kipling sent a fine presentation copy of the Second Jungle Book to each of his little visitants, and in each book is a funny rhyme signed by "Mowgli's papa" himself, in a very small, neat hand.

THE TRAMP DOG AND THE PROVERB

Kipling senior, like most doting parents, is fond of repeating some of the smart things the precocious Rudyard gave voice to when he was a small boy in the Bombay home. Here is one of John Kipling's anecdotes re-narrated by a member of the Kipling family. A particularly ferocious and unattractive dog bothered young Rudyard a good deal by following him about the streets and even to his door. The dog was one of the million homeless curs that curse the land of the Rajahs.

On more than one occasion the canine tramp had snarled and bit at young Rudyard's sturdy legs, and a well-founded fear was entertained by the boy for his four-footed Nemesis. The elder Kipling, thinking to dispel the little fellow's alarm by putting him to shame, remarked one day:

"Why, Ruddie, you're a regular coward. Don't you know the barking dog never bites?"

"Yes, dad," replied Rudyard tearfully, "I know the barking dog never bites, but how do I know the dog knows it?"

HOW THE NOVELIST IMPRESSED THE FISHERMAN

Perhaps the most graphic description ever given of Mr. Kipling's personal appearance was that of a typical New England skipper, who gave the famous author a vast amount of technical data relating to the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and their dangerous vocation, afterward incorporated picturesquely in Captains Courageous.

To Skipper Riley Mr. Kipling is indebted for the main coloring in his story of the New England fishing-banks, and from this bewhiskered old sea-dog, with a face of leather, hands like a brace of mallets, and the heart of a woman, the present writer gleaned in turn some engaging facts touching the Kipling method of story-building. It was at Gloucester last summer that I met Skipper Riley, and here is a fragment of our conversation:

"You are the man who piloted Mr. Kipling around and showed him how the fisher-folk live and work, aren't you?" I asked.

"Kipling? Kipling?" repeated the old sailor, trying to fit the name and the man together in his memory.

"Yes, the Englishman who wrote Captains Courageous, and the Jungle Books, and—oh, dozens of other fine books."

"Oh, yes—to be sure! The little dark man, who peppered me full o' the darnedest questions, and told yarns about India. Wal, I reckon I remember *him* all right. He were a good sort."

"How did he impress you? I mean, what did he look like?"

"Oh, he didn't look nothin' extraordinary. Jist a shortish man, with a good hones' laugh, specs split in the middle, and baby gold teeth grippin' a short pipe when he waren't talkin'."

LIVING IN LONDON ON SIXPENCE A DAY

There is one chapter in Rudyard Kipling's life that has never been written—a passage which only Kipling himself can adequately deal with. It concerns the author's early struggles for recognition in England and in this country.

Reputation came to him so soon that those who snubbed him as an unknown writer have forgotten that he was not always a literary giant. But Rudyard Kipling has not forgotten, and into his longest story, The Light that Failed, he has drawn the full-length portrait of one wealthy English publisher that must make that individual wince.

In the book just mentioned Kipling has also dropped a bit of autobiography, and "Dick" Heldar is more or less a self-limned likeness of the author.

Writing of his hero's plight of poverty in London in The Light that Failed, Kipling says: "It is not easy for a man of catholic tastes and healthy appetites to exist for twenty-four days on fifty shillings. Nor is it cheering to begin the experiment alone in all the loneliness of London." It was this loneliness that Kipling had to face in 1890 when he left India with a bundle of golden stories in his trunk which no publisher would read, much less print. The editors of the Indian newspapers in which his earlier work had appeared scoffed at the art of Kipling. The English editors at first did more—they turned him away from their doors.

Then he came to the United States by the way of Hongkong to San Francisco. In that town he failed even to get a position on the newspapers to which he applied for work. Finally, in New York, he received a memorable snub from a publishing house whose name is the supposed symbol of all that is honorable and courteous.

To Kipling's wounded soul callous London and starvation made a brighter outlook than deliberate insult in New York. To London he accordingly returned.

He toiled in a garret, and for a while thought bitterly of taking up some calling giving a more substantial reward than the trade of the penman. After sending his first two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, he finally sold them for $15. It is a great step from that figure to the $1200 he was paid for the English rights alone of his last published story.

UNFAMILIAR FACTS ABOUT MR. KIPLING

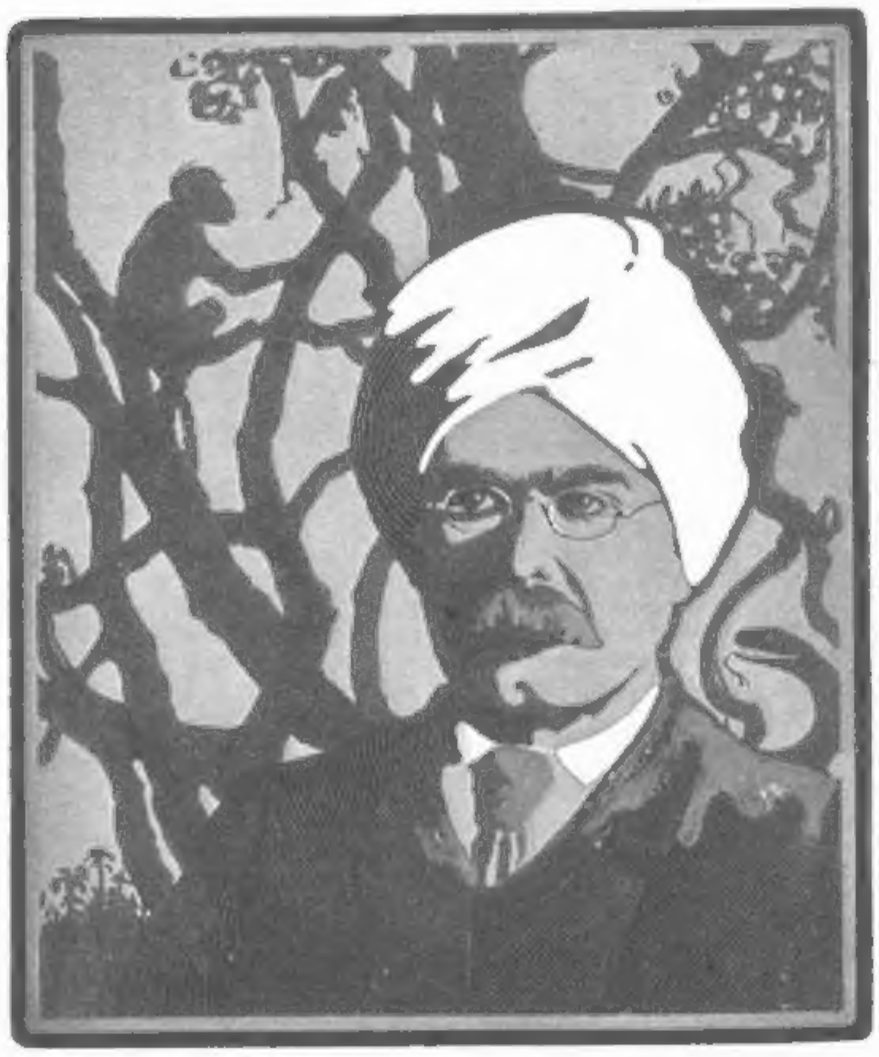
Some unknown general facts about Rudyard Kipling and his work make interesting reading. Kipling's height is five feet six inches; his eyes are dark blue, and gleam kindly through spectacles with divided lenses. His hair is dark brown, his hands large, but delicately formed. He is stoop-shouldered, but broad across the back.

He has a resolute jaw, a voice low and soft, and a smile in which there lurks a hint of cynicism. Though only thirty-four years old, he has an oldish face on which thought and incident have prematurely left their mark.

His writing-garb is a loose suit of black cloth in winter, the coat buttoned high to the throat like the blouse of a workman—which is all he pretends to be. In summer, or while in tropical lands, he affects white linen or duck. In India he wears the native turban, and in his journalistic days was often seen on the streets of Lahore and Simla in a pure white head-dress of the native type closely wound about his scalp.

Some twenty-two volumes bear his name, and beside their Shakespearian range of subject they contain in bulk more technical knowledge of navigation, seamanship, railroading, war manœuvres, the industries of distant climes, and other unfictionlike themes than all the modern novels combined.

Railroad men everywhere praise him for his accuracy in dealing with the iron-horse of transportation, sailors swear by him as one of their kind, the British soldiers long ago nominated him their laureate, and mechanical engineers will not believe he is not a graduate in their calling.



DRAWING BY PERRITON MAXWELL

HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER

By Marguerite Tracy

THE morning sunlight filtered through the live oaks that surrounded the parade-ground as Tommy Bainbridge hurried over to his quarters. A squad of old regulars came down the brick-paved street like swinging pendulums moved by one spring, and presented arms as they passed. Tommy was very fond of his men. He was fond of everybody.

He wore the look that a man has once when the girl he loves loves him or his regiment is ordered to the front. Fear follows that look—white, blind fear. Tommy was to feel it later.

He was walking just now in Paradise, bounded at one end by the dull red, homeless barracks, and at the other by the vine-clad cottages where the officers roomed. The cottages were furnished with rocking-chairs that rocked of themselves on the dewy piazzas, just as the world was singing to itself between the trim brick walls. The mimosa blossoms, like pink thistledowns, fell before him. He caught one in the hollow of his hand and inhaled its ineffable sweetness.

"What a morning!"

"'Tis good," said the Captain, overtaking him. "You look new-made, Tommy. Had some pleasant news?"

Tommy started, blushed and laughed. "Come into my room, sir."

But when they were in Tommy's room—it was one of those queer pink shops that always soften a woman's heart with its helpless attempt at homelikeness—Tommy talked a great deal about the Battery—about the chances of service in the Philippines.

"It'll be hard on the married men," said Tommy soberly.

The Captain was a bachelor. "That's so," he assented, biting off the end of his cigar. "Don't you ever get married, Tommy."

"Eh! what's that, sir?"

The Captain pointed variously around the room. The photographs were class pictures taken at West Point, individual classmates, a champion heavyweight, and a group of his own Battery on the steps of the arsenal. There were some Remington things, and a hideous-colored print of a world-famous trotter. The newest touch of color was the portrait of Lord Kitchener from the Graphic. Tommy's heart was bound up in Kitchener and in his Captain.

"Not an actress among them," said the Captain. "I've often noticed that."

"Had those at West Point, sir. Had 'em all."

The Captain smiled. "Have you ever been in love, Tommy?"

"Most fellows have, haven't they?"

"Did she marry another man?"

"Well, I rather think not."

"She's not married, then?"

"Not yet, sir, but——"

"Then don't you marry her."

The Captain marched out in his abrupt way and left Tommy staring. Tommy sat for some moments lost in thought. He was, in fact, gazing drolly at his shoes. Finally he took off his sword that he had worn at parade and laid it on the table. Then he rose, brushed his hair before his shaving-mirror, smoothed his jacket, and drew a thread of golden hair half a yard in length from his coat sleeve wonderingly.

"And I was going to tell him about our engagement," he mused. "Poor old, bully old misanthrope. He's been crossed in love."

His *fiancée* came down to the hotel that evening. "I wish you knew my Captain," he said enthusiastically as he walked with her along the breakwater. "He seems brusque and cynical, but he's the best fellow on earth. He won't look at anything but a gun, though. Gad, he'll look a gun in the face some day, and they'll hear him talk. There's a new fourteen-inch up on the parapet that he calls his girl. He helped me, Alice—don't you remember how I used to write you my mistakes?"

"But those mistakes didn't matter," she said.

"Didn't matter!" he echoed. "George!—didn't they!"

She rested her hand on the breakwater. Her face was turned to the open where the shadows were riding in the darkness, strung with lights.

"Mistakes do matter," she said slowly, "when they are mistakes in character; when a man whom you have honored turns out a coward, and the one who was counted sincere proves false. Those are the mistakes we make, and that people make in us, that hurt."

She had spoken softly, but with such stress that for a little while Tommy was afraid to break the silence. He felt vaguely that she was looking out into the night beyond his brief experience, and that what she saw there made his early troubles very childish in comparison.

"I don't know how I should take a disappointment like that," he said, drawing the ribbon of her fan through his fingers and feeling an absurd longing to gather in his arms this slim object that had looked into the shadows of life so deep. "I never lost faith in any one, nor had them turn out cowards or anything like that. I've never cared for anybody much, except you and the Captain. I never knew my mother, and my father was killed Indian fighting." He drew himself up unconsciously.

The girl looked out into the darkness without answering. Far away to the right the hotel pavilion twinkled, and the sound of dance music came to them faintly, almost pleadingly, to the time of their heartbeats.

The rigid lines of Tommy's figure yielded a little as the picture of the plains faded and the music stole into its place. She felt his arm close about her gently, but she did not stir nor speak. He drew her to him until she rested against him.

"It frightens me when you are so still," he whispered, suddenly crushing her with all his strength. He kissed her as if she were about to be torn from him—wild, passionate kisses that he had never dared before, and he hardly knew that the face he kissed was wet with tears.

But when she put her arms up and clasped her hands softly around his neck, he trembled, his knees grew weak. She put him away from her and stood alone against the breakwater with the slow tears rolling down her face. And Tommy stood apart and knew no more of what her thoughts were than the lonely pilot knows of what the stars are thinking.

The Captain was sitting in Tommy's bamboo rocker, with one leg over the arm. He had just yawned.

Tommy crossed the room again.

"You've been to that bureau four times," said the Captain dryly. "I could understand the sideboard, but the bureau——"

Tommy retreated in confusion. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "so I have. I—the fact is, there was something in the bureau——"

"I've no doubt that if you look in it you'll find it there still. I've watched you," said the Captain, "and you didn't take anything out."

Tommy sat down. He mopped his forehead. He looked around the room. He got up and brought glasses from a wall closet. He filled the glasses. These actions suggested

themselves before he found any words in which to say what he had in mind.

The Captain was a large man, thin for a Captain, and his hands were graceful. There were threads of gray in his mustache which he wore like a Remington cow-puncher. He might have posed for a theatrical cowboy save that the gleaming white teeth, set far apart and as small as a child's, were pointed and cruel like a wolf's. He had a habit of parting his mustache, when he spoke, with a caressing hand, and when he laughed the pretty flash of teeth lightened his sombre face like sunshine.

"She's too good for me," said Tommy, looking earnestly at the Captain and wondering why some true woman had not loved him. He could never have been loved or he would not have grown into a cynic, Tommy felt.

The Captain looked over his glass. "Tommy," he said, "who have you been fool enough to get yourself engaged to, and who," he added hastily, "has been indiscreet enough to accept an impecunious Lieutenant?"

"I'll show you her picture," said Tommy, "but first—here's to the queen——"

He looked at the Captain. The Captain rose, and they drained their glasses standing.

"Oh," said the Captain, dropping into his chair, "so that's what you have in the bureau. I guessed as much."

Tommy came back with the picture—one of those wonderful smoke-colored artist proofs on rough paper—and handed it to the Captain in a wordless challenge.

The live oaks rustled against the gallery. Out on the parade-ground a group of artillerymen were playing ball. All around the parapets the long black guns looked out like dogs held in leash. A single sentinel paced slowly on his measured round, outlined in silhouette against the sky and sea. Tommy saw it all without seeing, while he waited for the Captain to speak. Afterwards he remembered it.

The Captain lifted his head. There was a purple V on his forehead that caught Tommy's attention. Tommy had never noticed a vein between the Captain's eyebrows. It looked like a thunderbolt.

"Is this Miss Alice Gordon, sir?"

Tommy took a step back. He reached instinctively for the picture. The black threat of the Captain's face bewildered him.

"Yes," he said mechanically; "yes, it's Miss Alice Gordon——"

The Captain had grasped the picture as if he meant to tear it. Before Tommy's eyes he tore it in two, in four, and flung the pieces at Tommy's feet.

"Take her," he shouted, springing from his chair.

There was a sharp sound. Tommy had slapped the Captain in the face. The print of his fingers was like writing. He stood back alert, motionless, his lips pressed together, his nostrils quivering sharply.

The Captain looked him in the eyes. The Captain's face was flushing a deep red under his tan. It made the finger-prints show like the sticks of an ivory fan. The insignia of rank on his collar glistened whitely. Tommy noticed it with a sudden recollection, and then, entirely as a side thought, he recognized the theatrical vanity of the man who had attracted him by his moody, eccentric favor.

The Captain folded his arms and caressed the drooping mustache away from his white teeth. His ring gleamed on his sun-browned, graceful hand.

A shadow filled the doorway. Tommy's orderly, who had gone to Alice with a message, saluted like a wooden soldier. He saw nothing, neither the attitude of the men nor the torn picture on the floor, nor the print on the Captain's face, though he passed it in carrying to Tommy a pale blue envelope.

"There's an answer, sir."

The Captain roused himself briskly.

"I'll look in again, Bainbridge. Don't go out till I come," he said as he moved to the door with friendly leisure; "and by the way," he added as an after-thought, "ask Miss Gordon if she remembers when I was stationed at Fort Wingate."

His boots tramped securely across the veranda and down the steps. A breath of deadly sweetness came in from the honeysuckle vines.

Tommy's hand shook as he read the note in which Alice said she could—and would be glad to—ride with him if he could come in half an hour. Tommy thought a while. In half an hour the Captain might not have returned. He was forced to wait for him. He bit his lip.

Then he wrote to Alice that he could not come in half an hour, but would be over to see her in the evening. It was quite true that Tommy had never really loved a girl before, and as his pen paused to choose some pretty closing message the Captain's last words rang suddenly in his ears like a taunt. A flash of unreasoning jealousy checked the pretty message, and scrawling his initials he sealed the note and gave it to the orderly, who went out as he had come.

An overwhelming depression settled about Tommy. With the sight of the Captain he would want to kick him; he was glad he had struck him, but he was lonely.

Alice should have trusted him. He was not angry with her. He did not doubt her. But if she had really loved him she would have told about—Fort Wingate.

He sat moodily at the table where he had been writing and his head fell in his hand. He traced meaninglessly on a paper with his pen. His idols were shattered. Life would go on, a ragged mockery—a fragment, like the fragments of the picture on the floor. He hoped he would be killed.

There was no doubt of the Captain's intention in looking in on him again. It would make pretty history for the Fort. A story to be told in low voices at the club, to the new fellows. He stood no chance with pistols against a man from Fort Wingate. His heart was heavy with the knowledge that no one would miss him, that he had no people to write farewell letters to, for there was only Alice, and there was nothing to be said to her. Suddenly a Lieutenant of Cavalry came up the steps and spoke at the doorway.

"Captain Roberts asked me——"

Tommy rose. His knees forsook him. His face was white as a skull's, and as smiling.

"——asked me to give you this package, as I was passing this way."

He was stiffening visibly. It was evident he had no idea that it was a matter of any consequence.

"I know nothing whatever about it," he added with rising coldness. "Will you kindly take it? Good-morning."

"Good-morning," returned Tommy, grasping the package mechanically. "I—— Good-morning."

The cavalryman turned on his heel, and Tommy stood looking at the compact little parcel in his hand as if it might conceal an infernal machine. At last he sat down and began untying it. It was clearly not the challenge he had expected, and the Lieutenant as clearly had not been in the Captain's confidence in any way. He had entered like a man on a pleasant errand. If it had been a challenge the Lieutenant would have considered him a fine coward. Tommy was sure, however, that he had felt no fear. The Lieutenant had appeared suddenly when Tommy was not looking for him.

The wrappings fell away from a bundle of old letters tied together with red tape. On top of them was the Captain's card, on which he had written in pencil:

"Here are some letters of Miss Gordon's which may interest Lieutenant Bainbridge."

That was all.

Tommy's eyes fell on the topmost envelope addressed in Alice Gordon's handwriting. He unfastened the bundle and carried the loose letters to the grate. Twisting a newspaper, he lighted it and held it among the letters until the flames crept round and round them, lapping them with catlike fastidiousness and slowness. When a tongue of flame died he turned the letter about until it burned again. He was very patient. In a neighboring house some man was banging noisily on a piano.

—HE TORE IT IN TWO, IN FOUR, AND FLUNG THE PIECES AT TOMMY'S FEET. . . . THERE WAS A SHARP SOUND

After a while the letters burst into a triumphant flame. Light flickered on all the walls and glanced across the face of the Captain, who had entered quietly and stood looking at Tommy as he bent over his work.

The Captain wore a curious expression of contempt, and interest, and bitterness. He took a step forward. The light of the fire died, and the man at the fireplace rose slowly, stiff-jointed. As he turned he found himself face to face with his Captain.

He did not start nor look in any way surprised. He looked like a man who has fought all day in the sun, and is very tired. He looked steadily at the Captain.

"Get out of here," he said.

"Bainbridge," said the Captain, biting his mustache pensively as his glance rested on the torn picture, "you are an idiot." He paused a moment, then added with amused contempt: "I suppose you expected me to challenge you!"

"Will you get out of here?" asked Tommy quite simply, and as if he had not already suggested it.

The Captain lifted his shoulders. He strolled out on the veranda, where he stood for a moment looking across the parade-ground. A finger of sunlight fell on him and touched the device on his shoulder whimsically. A group of bare-headed idlers stood up at attention as he passed them.

There was a ball that night at the hotel, given by the officers. Alice was to be there. Tommy had been preparing and looking forward to the dance for two weeks, but his interest was dead now, and when the Captain of the other battery came over to Tommy and clapped him on the back and said, "The Flag Lieutenant's going to bring over the Marine Band for us, and we're going to have good long intervals," Tommy looked up absently.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I had forgotten the dance."

"You aren't properly glad to see me," the girl said in one of the long intervals, as they sat in the pavilion watching the lighted vessels on the Roads.

"Alice," he said, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, "Alice, why can't we be married right away?"

"Right away, Tom?"

"Yes, right away. We could have the wedding here to-morrow in the little chapel at the Fort, you know."

"Preposterous!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you say to-night, you dear old goose?"

"Well, to-night, then. I—Alice, darling, don't you see? Can't you understand?—I want to make you absolutely mine!"

He flung his arm around her shoulders and drew her to him almost roughly. "I—I'm so lonely!" he whispered, and the whisper sounded almost like a cry.

"Tom!" she said. "For Heaven's sake—for looks' sake—are you crazy?"

"Say you will!"

"It's absurd. Let me go, Tom. I—I've got to tell you something."

He took his arm away reluctantly. He settled himself on the bench beside her with a visible effort at self-control.

"Forgive me," he said gently; "there was no one looking and—I've not been quite myself to-day, dear. What is it you want to say to me?"

She did not answer. The music clouded about them again as they sat outside the ballroom floor—in the darkness, by themselves. Bits of talk and laughter came out on the music through the open windows, and the dancers kept on and on, graceful and happy.

"How uncomfortably conspicuous that civilian looks, in evening dress," she said suddenly.

"Out of place, somehow. What is it, dear?"

She pulled her handkerchief by the corners and tied it into knots. He had never seen her lose self-possession before, and he blamed himself for it.

"Forgive me," he repeated. "It would have been awkward if any one had seen; but they didn't, dear, so what's the use worrying?"

She clasped her hands together and spoke rapidly: "That's what I thought when you used to tell me about him in your letters—when you told me how you loved and honored him, and how much he helped you, and how you hoped I would meet him——"

"Alice!"

"I must tell you," she said, putting up her hand. "Don't you see? He was your Captain. You trusted him. I couldn't bring myself to tell you what I knew. I couldn't bear to shake your faith in him—I didn't dream it would ever touch your life. He had a friend in you, and he has not had too many friends."

He took her cold hands in his burning ones.

"Alice," he began, and his voice trembled so that he stopped to control it. "Alice, dear, are you sure you ought to tell me? I—I had rather you wouldn't. I—I think I know the Captain——"

"I'd cut off my right hand rather than tell you without any reason, Tom. Seven years ago he was in the West on a very dangerous mission. The girl he was engaged to here in the East thought him in daily peril of his life. She wrote him letters one doesn't write even to lovers ordinarily (she was very young). Then she learned that he was engaged to another girl who was—was also making a fool of herself over him—and, well, she lost her hero, that's all. Then other things came out.

"But it's all forgotten now, and he may be a changed man for all I know. That he is a better one is shown by the way he has won your friendship—men know each other pretty well on post—and now—oh, Tom!—can't you see? I am the girl he was engaged to—who thought him a hero—till I learned from the other girl; and all the time since we've been engaged I've been almost breaking my heart with trying to decide whether to tell you about him, and make you lose faith in a man you honored, or marry you without telling you, and let you keep the friendship that he must need even more than you—and have a secret from you. I—I loved him with my whole heart, Tom."

A groan broke from the man sitting by her with his face in his hands. "We both loved him!"

The lights twinkled on the water; the music drifted about them, but they neither saw nor heard.

"There was another thing," she added almost below her breath. "I—the security and peace of your love meant so much to me—it means so much when one's suffered—I was afraid if I told you you might think that I still loved him, or that I had loved him better than I love you, and I felt it would kill me to have you doubt me, Tom. Then, when you said you wanted to marry me to-morrow, it all came so close to me. I knew I could not stand there in the little chapel with the thought between me and you. I had to tell you. I—and that's all."

The hands which he had not released struggled to be free from him, and he felt a single tear run over it, and was conscious of wondering how one tear could be so wet.

"That's all, Tom. Let me go."

He drew her into his arms and pressed her head against his shoulder strenuously.

"You should never have been afraid, darling," he whispered, kissing her; "I knew."

"You knew?"

The wondering stars were mirrored in the water. The ships in their black mystery hung poised and silent, strung with lights.

Tommy nodded.

"And I know what the suffering is, because I had it, when—when he did something that showed me what he was. But nothing he can ever do can make any difference—to us at least. Not to-morrow, perhaps, but at the end of the week we will be married, and he can come to the wedding if he wants to. And nothing can make any difference because we will have each other."

"Tommy," she whispered, bending her head to the time of the music—"Tommy, I feel like dancing."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

That are Making HISTORY

The Story of Dewey's Flag-Ship

Admiral Dewey's flag-ship, the Olympia, was ordered late in 1890. The keel was laid in the yard of the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco, on June 17, 1891. The first rivet was driven on July 24, and on November 5, 1892, the vessel was launched, and she was put into commission on January 26, 1895. Her outward voyage was made without mishap, part of it in record time, and she has not been laid up for repairs since. In many respects the Olympia is in a class by herself. There is no vessel of her size and armament in our Navy. Her length over all is 344 feet, between perpendiculars 340 feet; beam, 53 feet; moulded depth, 35.10 feet, and mean draught, 21.6 feet. The contract speed in knots was twenty per hour, but her actual speed was 22.15. The contract horse-power was 13,500, and the actual horse-power is 18,800. Her builders at their own expense lengthened the vessel ten feet, thereby obtaining the additional horse-power, thus giving her a maximum average of 21.79 knots per hour in speed.

A comparison of the Olympia with the cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia may be of interest at this time. Admiral Dewey's flag-ship has nearly the same speed that the larger vessels possess, a far greater battery, and she cost a million dollars less. She was successful in every particular, and surpassed in all directions the requirements of the contract and the obligations entered into by her builders.

The appropriation to build the Olympia was entirely inadequate, as the Act of Congress authorizing her construction required the cost of the armament and of the equipment to be deducted from the amount provided. The Union Iron Works was the only bidder upon this contract because of this fact. Our estimate was within $4000 of the total amount of the appropriation. The Secretary of the Navy, however, ordered the ship, and later on Congress authorized the armament and equipment from other sources. But for our bid she would not have been built at that time.

If I had known that the Olympia would be the flag-ship of the Manila fleet I would have saved up some anecdotes of her building. But she made so little trouble, and after she left our yards she went about her business so easily, that there is very little to say concerning her. She never made us any trouble, and she has been no trouble to the Government since. We took the contract just as we would that of an ordinary war-ship, and carried it out successfully both from our own and the Government's standpoint. We can do things out West in the shipbuilding way that cannot be done in the East, in spite of the fact that we pay higher wages on the average than the Eastern builders do. In the first place, our men can work the entire working-days of the year. They are never forced to stop work on account of the weather. It is never too hot to do a full day's work, and never too cold. Then, again, we do not have to build shelters over our ships to keep out the snow and rain, and in winter we do not have to heat our shops. We save in many ways in spite of our increased pay-roll.

In addition to this we are so far from the manufacturing centre that we are obliged to make the entire ship in our own shops—electric light, the engines, steering gear, and windlasses—the whole outfit is made by us except the plates. Those we buy in the East. This home work gives a uniformity of design and quality. We can insure honest work all through. There are shops in the East and England which supply the various parts of war-ships, and of course their work is of varying quality, but we can guarantee our goods. When we built the Olympia we knew what we were putting into her down to the smallest bolt. We relied only on ourselves and we are satisfied with the result.

We started building war-ships with the Charleston in 1886. Several other vessels were ordered at the same time. The Charleston was the first to go into commission by three months. In this vessel we exceeded our contract speed by half a knot. The Charleston was built from plans used by the Armstrongs in building the Esmeralda and Naniwa Kan, and purchased by Secretary Whitney.

Our second war-ship, the San Francisco, was the first to be built in the West upon all-American plans. Then the Monterey, an evolution of the Ericson monitor. Her sea-going qualities are part of our naval history. She made the voyage from San Francisco to Manila without a break. With the Olympia came greater scope to the American idea and greater liberty for the builder.

The Oregon, which was the last of our war-ships, shows that we are able to construct a battle-ship that is not top-heavy and can carry a greater armament with less displacement than has ever been attempted in any other country in the world. With the Oregon, as with the Charleston, we were able to give greater speed to our vessel than that given to her sister ships built at the same time in the East. At the same time the Oregon was ordered the Indiana and Massachusetts were authorized. The contract speed was the same in each (fifteen knots an hour). The Indiana reached her contract speed. The Massachusetts exceeded it by one knot, whereas the Oregon scored 17.05 knots.

On my way to the West from Russia last September I visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Oregon and the Iowa were both there. The latter was on the dry dock being overhauled. Both vessels had been ordered to Manila, and each left New York about the same time. The Oregon reached there four months ago; the Iowa got no farther than San Francisco, where she was detained for repairs and docking, and where she remained all winter and spring.

It is a great race of people we have out on the Pacific slope. Our men are sturdy, strong, stout-hearted, able-bodied Americans, good workers and good fighters. In our

FROM A PORTRAIT BY DAVIS & SANFORD, NEW YORK

IRVING M. SCOTT
VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE UNION IRON WORKS

shipbuilding we have demonstrated that we are able to successfully compete with the East, or even with Europe, and in the Olympia, Monterey and Oregon California has shown that, remote as she is from the national Capital, she can be of the utmost service to the Government in time of need.

Irving M. Scott

The Human Side of Modern Charity Work

That great good has been accomplished by the charity organizations no one could for a moment deny, but recently there has been a distinct and candid acknowledgment that the results are not in proportion to the resources.

This year especially charity has paused a moment in its work of improving others to reform itself. Possibly the best discovery is that the effective way to do permanent service among the victims of bad social conditions and great social problems is to reach them through their actual lives and sufferings. The point was beautifully and pathetically illustrated in Vance Thompson's story, The Grown Man's Law, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 17, and more than one clergyman and Sunday-school superintendent advised his hearers to read it in order to fully grasp the fact that even the poorest had their family attachments, and that the way to help them was to brighten and not to destroy their homes; and to this they added requests that flowers and fruits be sent to the dark and hot rooms so as to put something of happiness into the dreary lives.

Of course this is sentiment, but it is a right sort of sentiment, and the new order of charity not only takes it into account, but gives it first consideration in its work. In the recent proceedings of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Conference of Charities and Corrections, in Cincinnati, the personal element was emphasized as never before. It was pointed out that the charity worker must get in direct and personal contact with his work. The use of mere force by organizations frightens and destroys the confidence of the very people whom it is intended to benefit. Eddie, who ran away with Maggieloor from the dead mother in order to keep Maggieloor from the Society, pours a stream of understanding Maggieloor from the Society, pours a stream of understanding upon the whole question. And the lessons of it are plain—the human side of charity work, the individual entering with sympathy, yet with common sense, into the homes of poverty, and the need of reaching the people more with kindness than with law. It is all very simple, of course—merely a return to the old plan of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, but it means a great deal in the results.

The Sun Shines on the Flag All of the Twenty-Four Hours

It was a favorite figure of speech with a well-known Senator that by the time the sun was setting on the farthermost part of Alaska dawn was breaking on the coast of Maine. This was a little far-fetched, perhaps, but nobody need have any doubt now that at every hour in the day the sun is shining on the Stars and Stripes. In the recent celebration of Declaration Day there were many interesting developments, including a schedule of the time the flag was saluted, and, according to this calculation, the first firecracker went off in Guam and the last in Hawaii. All around the world there were enthusiastic celebrations, and it is interesting to remember that on the next Fourth of July the President of the United States will press a button and the largest flag ever manufactured in New England will float from the top of the Eiffel Tower, over the Exposition.

Victory and Prosperity Combined to Make a Wonderful Year

To the enthusiasm of victory is added the joyfulness of prosperity. From every side comes the news of increase. The Western railroads are enjoying the greatest summer in their history. The construction of railroads this year has been the largest in seven years, and has reached thirty-seven of the forty-nine States and Territories, aggregating more than 1400 miles. At the beginning of the new fiscal year the national finances were on an encouraging basis despite the great drain of the war. Contrary to anticipation, the business failures of the preceding half-year were smaller than in any similar period since 1882, and the liabilities were the lightest since 1881. Manufactured exports reached about $335,000,000, or over $45,000,000 more than the high-water mark of the previous year. Within the past fiscal year 1429 merchant vessels of 320,876 tons were constructed. Most of the ship yards are crowded with orders. In addition, several thousand vessels have come or will soon come under the American flag from the new countries annexed to the United States.

Peace Lays a Wreath on the Tomb of Hugo Grotius

A wreath of silver oak and laurel leaves, three feet in diameter, inscribed "To the memory of Hugo Grotius, on the occasion of the Peace Conference at The Hague, in reverence and gratitude from the United States," was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the tomb of Hugo Grotius, at Delft. Dr. Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Germany, and the head of the American delegation to the Peace Conference, was the orator of the occasion, and in his tribute he gave Grotius credit for those humane sentiments and impulses which finally found their realization in the greatest peace conference the world has ever known. With this tribute were many acknowledgments that much of the strength and wisdom of the American character was due to the Dutch.

Grotius was born at Delft, Netherlands, April 10, 1583, and he died at Rostock, Germany, August 28, 1645. His great fame rests upon his book, De Jure Belli et Pacis, which was published in 1625, and which made him the father of international law. He published several books besides this, and he was an eminent jurist as well as theologian and poet. In the accidents of politics he was condemned to life imprisonment, but escaped. He was afterward Swedish Ambassador at Paris.

The Trolley Car Starts an Interesting Rebellion

That civilization has its troubles is well illustrated in all modern history. An American company built an electric railroad in Korea. They imported motormen from Japan and their cars from America, but, unfortunately, the gongs and the fenders did not arrive in time for the opening of the line. Nevertheless, the program was carried out. Enormous crowds assembled along the route to see the "devil"-wagon run by wire. A child ran across the track, then started back, only to be caught under the wheels and dreadfully mangled. The effect was immediate. The mob tore the car to pieces and burned it, and then pulled down the wires. Another car sent out the next day was destroyed, and thus the trouble increased until twenty of the ringleaders of the rioters were executed in public.

Can a Parrot be a Witness in Court?

In a sensational case in London the utterances of a favorite parrot gave the first clue to the suitor's evidence. The case was worked up on the basis of names of persons and of epithets many times repeated by the bird, which had been an ear-witness to interviews.

The parrot was thus the first and most important witness. How to use it or what it has repeated in a legal way is the problem. Can its testimony be accepted? Can it be cross-examined? Can evidence corroborating what it has uttered be considered? It is alleged that the parrot has disclosed facts important to the suit, but so far no one has found out the extent to which they may be used legally.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

How Colonel Henderson was "Discovered"

In more ways than one Colonel David B. Henderson, who will probably succeed Reed as Speaker of the House of Representatives, owes his preferment to Senator Allison, of Iowa. The two men were first thrown together in 1862. Allison had moved from Ohio to Iowa in 1856, and had at once taken an active part in politics. He had known Governor Kirkwood in Ohio, and attached himself to that statesman's adherents. He was a delegate to and a secretary of the convention which first nominated Lincoln for the Presidency.

In 1861 Governor Kirkwood appointed Allison Colonel, and set him to work raising volunteers for the Union service. In all he raised four regiments, but it was an arduous task, and at one time it might have failed had it not been for the assistance of a big Scotch-American college boy from Fayette. He offered his services in any capacity that he might be found useful, and Colonel Allison set him to work. In less than a week the college boy came back with a company of thirty-one men. He was the man who is destined to be our next Speaker.

That was the beginning of Colonel Henderson's military career. From the Army he went to Congress, and his subsequent history is national property. The friendship began in the recruiting camp at Dubuque thirty-seven years ago has been unbroken since that time.

A Modern Illustration of an Old Law

Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the new President of the International Council of Women, became generally known a few years ago through her participation in the general federation of women's clubs which resulted in the International Council. She has frequently represented American women abroad, and has long been a prominent figure in the important National Conventions.

MAY WRIGHT SEWELL

Mrs. Sewell, who is the head of a classical school for girls in Indianapolis, could contribute a readable sequel to English as she is taught, for the pupils in a girl's classical school are not above the amusing blunders which characterize the efforts of their young sisters in the public schools.

On one occasion Mrs. Sewell was instructing a class in physics. Force was the subject, and she made plain to the girls the difference between centrifugal and centripetal force.

"Centrifugal," said Mrs. Sewell, "is a force whose direction is from the centre, and centripetal is a force whose direction is toward the centre. Do you all understand that?"

The class chorused assent.

"Now, will some girl give me an illustration?" continued Mrs. Sewell.

"The domestic virtues are centripetal," replied a small girl, "because they keep a man in the centre of his home, and a centrifugal force is—is—well, a saloon is a centrifugal force."

Turning a Prison "Terror" into a Lecturer

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, of Boston, who died suddenly in London last month, was one of the most famous penologists in the world. For many years she was the head of the Massachusetts reformatory prison for women at Charlestown, and she was an expert of worldwide fame. Many stories are told of her peculiar methods of subjugating refractory prisoners. She appealed to their finer qualities. She believed that if she could interest a woman in some kind of work her reformation might be accomplished. One of her worst prisoners was a woman of foreign birth who had been confined in nearly every prison from New York to Portland. She was a thief, drunkard, and almost a murderess. Her temper was the terror of her keepers, and she was kept almost constantly in handcuffs. About a year after the woman was brought to Charlestown a warden of a Connecticut prison paid Charlestown a professional visit.

"I have heard a good deal about your bad prisoner whom you have reformed," he said. "You know she never was in my prison, and I'd like to see her."

"You shall," said Mrs. Johnson, "if you have not already met her."

They were walking through the prison as they talked, and had come to the room where Mrs. Johnson kept some silkworms and other interesting things, in which the better grade of prisoners took great interest. It was well filled with women, and a stalwart convict was explaining the cocoons to her prison mates, volubly, and with evident learning upon the subject.

"You wouldn't believe it if I were to tell you that you have probably seen her," went on the Superintendent.

"She wasn't that good-looking woman I saw in the flower-beds, was she?" asked the visitor, making a wild guess.

"No," answered Mrs. Johnson. "She is a life prisoner, sent here for murdering her husband. She is the woman who is lecturing on silkworms. She became interested in the subject, and now she is one of the best women in the prison."

The Quaint Visiting-Cards of Palmer Cox

Not long ago an office boy in one of the great newspaper offices came grinning into the room occupied by the Sunday editor.

"There's a man outside," he said, "who won't give his name."

"Why didn't you ask him for his card?" the Sunday editor asked.

"I did," said the boy, "and this is what he handed me."

The boy laughed again and placed a small slip of pasteboard on the editor's desk. On it was the neat pen-drawing of a Brownie. Then did the editor smile.

"You dunce," he said to the boy, "that *is* the gentleman's card. It's Palmer Cox, father of the Brownies."

PALMER COX

So it was. Mr. Cox has a most happy way of putting his quaint little people on his cards and on the cards of his friends. He always has a new position for one of the well-known children of his fancy. In scrap-books over the country there are hundreds of original drawings of the quaint little people with large stomachs, and no two of the many sketches are alike.

From Boy Financier to Railroad King

If the child is father to the man, the career of J. Pierpont Morgan, whose offer to light the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, has just been accepted, was well foreshadowed in his schooldays.

The future banker went from the public school to the Boston English High School, where during the entire course he stood among the first boys of his class. According to one of his schoolmates, he was more than a bright scholar. Even then he displayed rare executive ability and business shrewdness. He was one of the first to organize his class, and under his direction and activity it became, it is said, one of the strongest class organizations in the history of the school. He also took part in forming the High School Alumni Association, whose annual functions are now a feature of Boston's social life. His business ability cropped out when the class published some little venture. None of the boys had any too much money to spend, and the problem of financiering weighed heavily on the youthful mind. Morgan was appealed to, as usual, and immediately said: "Get up a subscription list on the one side and get some advertising on the other." His colleagues followed his advice. The matter was printed, was a nine-days' wonder, and not alone paid all expenses, but even netted a small profit to the committee.

To-day this same man is one of the great financiers of the world. The men who have handled affairs on so large a scale as Mr. Morgan are, indeed, few. His specialty, outside of dealings in national bonds, is the rehabilitation of bankrupt or unprosperous railway properties. His hobby is dogs; and the collie is Mr. Morgan's favorite breed. In his kennels, as in his business affairs, everything is run by system.

The Most Popular Photograph

There is a fashion in photographs as there is in bonnets and bicycles. At present the most fashionable photograph in New York is that of William Faversham, the handsome Romeo of the Maude Adams Romeo and Juliet Company. During the past theatrical season Mr. Faversham has been the favorite of the matinée audiences, and his photographs have been the best-selling of all the footlight favorites. There are hundreds of women, and even men, who have bought every photograph of the actor that has been taken within the past few years. Some dealers have made a specialty of "Faversham sets," and their collection has been as much of a fad as the picking up of coins or postage stamps or rare books.

Mr. Faversham comes nearer realizing the matinée girl's ideal than most actors, although very few of his admirers know it. Mr. Faversham confines his love-making strictly to the stage. In private life he is an estimable husband and father, and is devoted to his family. He has a son almost as tall as himself, who is his chum and companion.

Mr. Faversham is an Englishman; he came to America in 1887. Like most young Englishmen he was destined for the army, and went to India. There he developed a strong desire to go on the stage, and returned to London. In 1886 he made his début.

The actor lives in a handsome house near Central Park, in New York, and prefers his own home above any other.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

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He Wanted to Compromise

If General Joseph Wheeler does as active fighting in the Philippines, where he has recently been ordered, as he did in the South during the Civil War, he is apt to make his presence felt. General Horace Porter tells the following story, which is both true and timely: It was about the middle of the Civil War when a freshly appointed Colonel with a newly enlisted regiment joined the Union forces in the far South. They were beautifully new, both in experience and in uniforms, and they were very anxious to fight. The routine of camp life drove them almost to mutiny. One bright October morning word was received that a small detachment of General Wheeler's cavalrymen were on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the Confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new Colonel and a veteran Brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed. After it was over the General said to the Colonel:

"Well, what do you think of war now?"

"Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the Colonel evasively.

"All the time. He is here, there and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," answered the Colonel reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised."

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Moody and the Reporters.—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is one of the most difficult men in public life to report stenographically. He drives out his words with the speed of a Gatling gun—at the rate of two hundred a minute. There is not one expert shorthand reporter out of fifty who can make a verbatim report of one of his sermons. He talks nearly as rapidly as Secretary Blaine and Bishop Phillips Brooks did. These men were the bane of the reporters of their day. It is said that there never was a complete report of Bishop Brooks' famous Lenten noonday talks to Wall Street brokers in Old Trinity Church. The speed of his delivery and the faulty acoustics of the church prevented him from being audible at the reporters' table.

The New Head of the Plant System.—The present head of the great fortune left by the late H. B. Plant is his eldest son, Morton F. By his father's will the young man will have an income for life of $30,000, but he has succeeded to the Presidencies of some of the companies which were controlled by his father. The salaries from these offices will make his income not far from $100,000 a year. The young man is less than forty years old, and was brought up by his father to take his place.

Daniel Frohman's Start.—It was Edward Payson Weston, the pioneer long-distance pedestrian, who tempted Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, of New York, from journalism into the theatrical business. It happened this way: Mr. Weston had returned to New York after his successful walk through the West, and in 1871 he gave an exhibition against time in the old American Institute building. This was the beginning of our present six-days' walking matches. He hired Franklin Fyles, who was then a Sun reporter, and Daniel Frohman to manage the novel affair. The receipts from this undertaking were more than $10,000, and this success started Mr. Frohman in theatricals. Mr. Frohman has amassed a fortune since then. Mr. Fyles is a leading dramatic critic and playwright, and Mr. Weston, as young as either of his old-time friends, is an advertising agent.

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By IAN MACLAREN

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Number Three—"NESTIE"

IT WAS understood that Nestie's mother was dead and that his father was the Baptist minister of Muirtown—a denomination whose adherents were few and whose practices were vaguely associated with the mill lade—and for two years before he appeared at school Nestie and his father were quite familiar to the boys. Nestie began his education at a ladies' school, not far from the Seminary, where he was much petted by the big girls, and his father could be seen waiting for him every afternoon at dismissal time.

A gentle, timid little man, apt to blush on being spoken to, with a hesitating speech and a suggestion of lasting sorrow in his eyes, Mr. Molyneux would sooner have faced a cannon than Miss Letitia MacMuldrow's bevy of young women, and it was a simple fact that when, meditating his sermon one day in the North Meadow, he flopped into their midst, and his son insisted on introducing him to the boarders and to Miss Letitia, the poor man went home to bed and left the pulpit next Sunday to an amateur exhorter. His plan of campaign was to arrive on the opposite side of the terrace about a quarter to three, and, as the hour drew near, reconnoitre the door from behind a clump of bushes at the foot of the garden.

Nestie usually made his appearance with a body-guard of maidens, who kissed him shamelessly, and then, catching sight of the anxious face peeping through the laburnums, he would dash down the walk and, giving his slaves a last wave, disappear around the corner. The minister used to take a hasty survey lest they should become a sport to the barbarians in a land where for a father to kiss his boy was synonymous with mental incapacity, and then—it was a cat of a girl who oversaw the meeting—they hugged one another for the space of a whole minute, in which time it is wonderful what can be done if your heart is in it and your hat is allowed to go without care.

Had a Seminary boy seen the sight—but the savages were caged at that hour—his feet would have been glued to the ground with amazement, and he had gone away full of silent gratitude that his lot had been cast north of the Tweed; but of course he had not reckoned that the father and son had been separated for, say, six whole hours—or almost—and it was necessary to reëstablish relations. When this had been done satisfactorily the two crossed a wooden bridge into the meadow arm-in-arm—Mr. Molyneux unconsciously wearing his hat with a rakish air on the side of his head.

Between this hour and sunset was their pleasure in the summer-time, and the things they did were varied and remarkable. Sometimes they would disappear into the woods above Muirtown, and return home very dirty, very tired, very happy, laden with wild flowers and dank, earthy roots, which they planted in their tiny garden and watered together with tender solicitude.

Other times they pla'yed what was supposed to be golf over a course of their own selection and creation at the top of the meadow, and if by any chance the minister got a ball into a hole, then Nestie danced for a space and the minister apologized for his insolent success.

Times there were—warm summer days—when the minister would bring a book with him and read to Nestie as they lay in a grassy hollow together. And on these days they would fall a-talking, and it would end in a photograph being taken from a case, and after they had studied it together, both would kiss the face, which was as if Nestie had kissed himself.

Regular frequenters of the North Meadow began to take an interest in the pair, so that the golfers would cry "Fore" in quite a kindly tone when they got in the way of the balls, and one day old Peter Peebles, the chief of the salmon fishers and a man of rosy countenance, rowed them up to Woody Island, and then allowed the boat to drop down with the tide past the North Meadow and beneath the two bridges, and landed them at the South Meadow, refusing all recompense with fierce words.

Motherly old ladies whose families were off their hands, and who took in the situation at a glance, used to engage Mr. Molyneux in conversation in order to warn him about Nestie's flannels and the necessity of avoiding damp at nightfall. And many who never spoke to them, and would have repudiated the idea of sentiment with scorn, had a tender heart and a sense of the tears of things as the pair, strange and lonely, yet contented and happy, passed them in the evening.

When the time came that Nestie had to leave Miss Letitia's, his father began to hang around the Seminary taking observations, and his heart was heavy within him.

After he had watched a scrimmage at football—a dozen of the aboriginal savages fighting together in a heap, a mass of legs, arms, heads—and been hustled across the terrace in a rush of Russians and English, from which he emerged without his hat, umbrella, or book, and after he had been eye-witness of an encounter between Jock Howieson and Bauldie over a misunderstanding in marbles, he offered to teach Nestie at home.

"Those Scotch boys are very—h-healthy, Nestie, and I am not sure whether you are quite . . . fit for their . . . habits. There is a master, too, called Bulldog, and I am afraid——" and Mr. Molyneux looked wistfully at his boy.

"Why, pater, you are very n-naughty, and don't d-deserve two lumps of sugar," for ever since they were alone he had taken her place and poured out the tea. "Do you think I'm a coward? A boy must learn to play games, you know, and they won't be hard on a little chap at first. I'll soon learn f-football and . . . the other things. I can play golf a little now. Didn't you tell me, pater, that mother was as bwave as . . . a s-soldier?"

"Of course she was, Nestie," and Mr. Molyneux fell into the innocent little snare. "If you had only seen the pony your mother used to ride on her father's farm in Essex, where I saw her first! Do you know, nobody could ride 'Gypsy' except its mistress. It r-reared and . . . k-kicked, Nestie"—the little man spoke with awe—"and once ran away; but your mother could always manage it. She looked so handsome on 'Gypsy'; and you have her spirit. I'm very . . . t-timid."

"No, you aren't, not one little bit, pater, if there's real d-danger." Nestie was now on his father's knee, with a hand around his neck. "Who faced the cow on the meadows when she was charging and the nurse had left the child, eh? Now, pater, tell the truth."

"That was because . . . the poor little man would have been killed . . . any one would have d-done that, and . . . I d-did not think what I was d-doing."

"Yes, I know," and Nestie mocked his father shamefully, even unto his face; "and everybody read in the paper how the child wasn't near the cow, and the cow was quite nice and well-behaved, and you . . . ran away; for shame, now!

"Did you go to the people that had the dip . . . dip . . . in the throat, or not?—that's a word I can't manage yet, but I heard Miss Leti-titia and the girls say you were like the soldiers 'at got the Vic-Victoria Cwoss."

"That's d-different, Nestie; that's my d-duty."

"Well, it's my d-duty to go to the S-Seminary, pater;" and so he went.

—and so Spiug was invited to tea on a Saturday evening—an invitation he accepted with secret pride and outward confusion of face

"What's your name?" Nestie was standing in the centre of the large entrance hall where his father had left him, a neat, slim little figure in an Eton suit and straw hat, and the walls were lined by big lads in kilts, knickers, tweed suits, and tailless Highland bonnets in various stages of roughness and decay.

"Ernest Molyneux, and for short, Nestie," and he looked round with a bright little smile, although very nervous.

"Moly-havers," retorted Cosh, who had a vague sense that Nestie, with his finished little manner, his English accent, his unusual dress, and his high-sounding name, was an offense to the Seminary. "Get yir hat oot o' there," and Cosh sent Ernest's straw skimming into the forbidden "well."

Molyneux's face turned crimson, for he had inherited the temper which mistressed "Gypsy," and boys who remembered Spiug's first exploit expected to see the new comer spring at Cosh's face.

"You mean that for f-fun, I s'pose," he said as he recovered his hat very neatly. "I can leap a little, you know, not m-much yet," and again he smiled.

Nothing quite like this had happened before in the Seminary, and there was a pause in the proceedings, which was the salvation of Nestie, and far more of Peter MacGuffie. He had been arrested by the first sight of Nestie and had been considering the whole situation in silence. Peter had an inspiration.

"Did ye say Nestie?" inquired Spiug, with an almost kindly accent, moving a little forward as if for identification.

"My pater calls me that, and . . . others did, but perhaps you would like to say Molyneux. What is your name?"

"We 'ill call ye Nestie; it's no' an ill word, an' it runs on the tongue. Ma name is Peter MacGuffie, or Spiug, an' gin onybody meddle wi' ye gie's a cry." And to show the celerity of his assistance Peter sent the remains of Cosh's bonnet into the "well" just as Bulldog came down to his room.

Cosh had no chance at any time with Peter

"Bulldog's in," as that estimable man identified the owner of the bonnet and passed on to his classroom. "In aifter him, an' gie yir name, afore the schule comes."

"Will you not come with me, P-Peter?" and that worthy followed him mechanically, while the school held their breath; "it would be kind of ye to intwodoosh—it's a little difficult, that word—me to the master."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Bulldog at the sight of the two, for speech was paralyzed in Spiug and he was aghast at his own audacity.

"A new laddie . . . ca'ed Molly, Mol . . . a' canna mind it . . . Nestie . . . he didna know the way . . ." And Spiug broke down and cast a despairing look at the cane.

"Peter pwotected me from the other boys, who were making fun of me, and I asked him to bwing me in to you, sir; he was very p-polite."

"Was he?" said Bulldog, regarding Spiug's confusion with unconcealed delight; "that is his public character in this school, and there's nobody better known. My advice—" here Bulldog stopped, and looked from Spiug to Nestie as one about to say something and then changing his mind—"is to . . . be friends with Peter."

So when the school took their places Nestie was seated next to Spiug, and it was understood in a week that Nestie was ready to take his fair share in any honest fun that was going, but that if one of the baser sort tried to play the blackguard with Nestie, he had to balance accounts with Spiug, and that the last farthing would be faithfully exacted.

As Nestie had at once settled in his mind that Spiug was a young gentleman of high conduct and excellent manners—and Nestie, with all his sweetness, was as obstinate as a mule—nothing remained for Spiug but to act up to his new character. With this example of diligence by his side, he was roused to such exertion that he emerged from the rule of three and plunged into vulgar fractions, while Nestie marveled at his accomplishments—"for I'm not a clever chap like you, P-Peter."

Spiug had also accumulated a considerable collection of pencil sketches, mostly his own, in which life at Muirtown Seminary was treated very broadly indeed, and as he judged his portfolio unlikely to be appreciated by Nestie, and began himself to have some scruples in having his own name connected with it, it was consigned to the flames, and any offer of an addition, which boys made to Spiug as a connoisseur in Rabelaisian art, was taken as a ground of offense. His personal habits had been negligent to a fault, and Nestie was absurdly careful about his hands, so Peter was reduced to many little observances he had overlooked, and would indeed

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories under the general title, A Scots Grammar School, which Ian Maclaren has written for The Saturday Evening Post. The first, "Spiug," appeared in the issue of June 3; "Bulldog" appeared July 1, and in an early issue A Famous Victory will follow. Each of these stories is complete in itself.

have exposed himself to scathing criticism had it not been that his sense of humor was limited and, so far as it went, of a markedly practical turn.

As Nestie never ceased to exalt his paladin of chivalry and all the virtues which he had discovered at school, Mr. Molyneux hungered to see him, and so Spiug was invited to tea on a Saturday evening—an invitation he accepted with secret pride and outward confusion of face.

All the time which could be saved that day from the sermons was devoted by Mr. Molyneux and his son to the commissariat, and it was pretty to see the Molyneuxs going from shop to shop collecting the feast. With much cunning Nestie had drawn from Spiug that fried sausages (pork) with mashed potatoes, followed up by jam tarts and crowned with (raisin) cake, was a meal to live for, and all this they had, with shortbread and marmalade thrown in as relishes.

When Nestie was not watching at the upper window for Peter's coming he was gloating over the table, and pater, putting last touches to his exposure of Infant Baptism, ran out and in to see that nothing had been forgotten, for they did not give many feasts, and this was one of gratitude. Peter was late, because he had gathered his whole establishment to dress him, including the old groom, who wished him to go in corduroy breeches and top-boots, and Spiug was polished to the extent of shining. He was also so modest that he would not speak, nor even look, and when Nestie began to discourse on his goodness he cast glances at the door and perspired visibly, on which occasions he wiped his forehead with a large red handkerchief.

Amid all his experiences on land and water, on horseback and among boys—that is, savages—he had never yet been exalted as a hero and a philanthropist, and he felt uncomfortable in his clothes. He was induced, however, to trifle with the tea, and in the end did very fairly, regaining his native composure so far as to describe a new horse his father had bought, and the diabolical wickedness of the tame fox at the stables.

Afterward, Nestie took Spiug to his room and showed him his various treasures—a writing-desk with a secret drawer; The Sandalwood Traders, by Ballantyne; a box of real tools, with nails and tacks complete; and then he uncovered something hidden in a case, whereat Spiug was utterly astonished.

"Yes, it's a watch; my mother left it to me, and some day I'll wear it, you know; your mother's g-gone, too, Peter, isn't she?"

"Aye," replied Peter, "but a' dinna mind o' her." And then, anxious to change the subject, he produced a new knife with six blades. Before leaving he promised to give Nestie a pair of rabbits, and to guide him in their upbringing after a proper fashion.

Without having ventured into the field of sentiment, there is no doubt Peter had carried himself in a way to satisfy Mr. Molyneux, and he himself gave such an account of the tea to Mr. MacGuffie, senior, that night, that the horse-dealer, although not given to Pharasaical observance of the Sabbath, attended the little Baptist chapel next day in state, sleeping through the sermon, but putting five shillings in the plate, while Peter, sitting most demurely at his father's side, identified two of his enemies of MacIntyre's Academy and turned various things over in his mind.

If any one, however, supposed that the spirit had gone out of Peter through his friendship with Nestie, he erred greatly, and this Robert Cosh learned to his cost. What possessed him no one could guess, and very likely he did not know himself, but he must needs waylay Nestie in Breadalbane Street one day after school time and speak opprobriously to him, finishing up—

"Awa' wi' ye; yir father's a meeserable yammering (stammering) dookie (Baptist) minister."

"My father's one of the best men living"—Nestie was in a temper—"and you are an ill-bred c-cad."

Poor Nestie would have been half killed before Cosh had done with him had not Spiug arrived on the scene, having been in the gundy (candy) shop not far off, and then there were circumstances.

Cosh had no chance at any time with Peter, but now that worthy's arm was nerved with fierce indignation, and Nestie had to beg for mercy to Cosh, whose appearance on arriving home was remarkable. His story was even more so, and was indeed so affecting, not to say picturesque, that Bailie Cosh came into Bulldog's room with his son two days afterward to settle matters.

"A' called, Maister MacKinnon," he said, in tones charged with dignity, "to explain the cause of ma son Robert's absence; he was in bed with a poultice on his face twenty-four hours, an' he'll no be himself for days."

"He is no' in a condeetion to lose time wi' his lessons, a' can tell ye, Bailie; ye're richt to bring him back as sune as ye could; was't toothache?"

"No, it wasna toothache, but the ill-usage o' one of your scholars, the maist impudent, ill-doing, aggravating little scoondrel in Muirtown."

"Peter MacGuffie, come out here," which showed Bulldog's practical acquaintance with affairs. "Did ye give Robert Cosh a licking?"

No answer from Spiug, but a look of satisfaction that was beyond all evidence.

"Was that just your natural iniquity, Peter, or had ye a justification?"

Dogged silence of Spiug, whose code of honor had one article, at least—never to tell on a fellow.

"Please, sir, may I speak?" cried Nestie, as he saw the preparations for Peter's punishment.

"Were ye in this job, too, Nestie? Ye didn't tell me that there were two at puir Robert, Bailie; if Nestie got his hand on your son, he's sic a veeciously inclined character that it's a wonder Robert's leevin'. Now, Bailie, we 'ill conduct a judeecial investigation. Robert Cosh, what have ye to say? Speak up like a man, and I'll see justice done ye, be sure o' that; but mind ye, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Robert Cosh declined to contribute even the smallest morsel of truth in any shape or form, and in spite of strong encouragement from the magistrate preserved an impenetrable silence.

"This," said Bulldog, with a shrewd glance, "is mair than ordinary modesty; we 'ill take another witness. Ernest Molyneux, what have ye got to say?"

"Cosh called my father names, and . . . I lost my t-temper, and . . . and . . . I said things . . . the pater's ill, sir, so I . . . and Cosh stwuck me once or twice—but I don't mind that; only Peter, you see, sir, wanted to help me. I'm afraid he h-hurtit Cosh, but that was how it happened."

"Stand beside Nestie, Cosh . . . so; half a head taller, and much broader, and four years older. Ye called his father names, and then cut his lip when he answered. Just so. There are some pretty little scratches on your own face. That would be Peter. Well, Bailie, the case is pretty plain, and we 'ill go to judgment.

"Ernest Molyneux, your father's a good man, and it does not matter two brass peens what Robert Cosh says about him, and ye're no' an ill-disposed laddie yersel'. Ye may go to your seat.

"Peter MacGuffie, ye're aye meddlin' wi' what doesna concern ye, and ye seem to think that Providence gave Nestie into your chairge. One day ye pull him oot o' the river, and anither ye take him oot o' the hands o' Robert Cosh. But ye've done your wark sae neatly this time that I havena the heart to thrash you. Ye may go to your seat, too; and, Peter, ma man, just one word of advice: Your head is thick, but your heart is right; see that ye always use your fists as well as ye did that day.

"Robert Cosh, ye've had a fair trial, and ye have been convicted of three heinous sins: First, ye miscalled a good man—for that three strokes with the cane; next, ye ill-used the quietest laddie in the whole school—for that three strokes; and lastly, being moved of the devil, ye went home and told lies to a magistrate—for that six strokes. Three on each hand to-day and to-morrow 'ill just settle the count. Right hand first."

"Mr. MacKinnon, I protest . . . ,"

"What?" and Bulldog turned on the magistrate; "would ye interfere with the course o' justice in another man's jurees-diction, and ye a magistrate?" And Bulldog's eyes began to rotate in a fearsome manner. The Bailie allowed it to be understood that he had changed his mind, and Robert, who had expected great things from the magistrate's protection, abandoned himself to despair and walked humbly for many days to come.

Next day Nestie was not in his place, and Bulldog, growing uneasy, called on his way home.

"Aye, aye," and the landlady's voice sank into the minor key of Scots sympathy, "Maister Mollynoox (for such an outlandish name was ever a trial) is far through wi't; the doctor says he never had much to come an' go on, and noo this whup o' inflammation is the feenish.

"The doctor doesna expect him to see mornin', an' he's verra sober (weak); but his head's clear, an' the laddie's wi' him. Ma hert is wae (sorry) for him, for the twa hev been that b'und up thegither that a'm dootin' Nestie 'ill never get ower the pairtin'."

The gentle little minister was not far from his end, and Nestie was nursing him as best he could. He sponged his father's face—threatening to let the soap get into his eyes if he were not obedient—and dried it with a soft towel; then he brushed the soft, thin brown hair slowly and caressingly, as he had often done on Sundays when his father was weary.

Turning around, he saw Bulldog, and, instead of being afraid, Nestie smiled a pathetic welcome, which showed either what a poor actor the master was, with all his cunings, or that his English scholar was a very shrewd little man.

"Th-thank you f-for coming to see father, sir; he was n-naughty and got cold, and he has been so ill; but he must get better, for you know there are . . . just the two of us, and . . . I would be . . . lonely without the pater."

"Nestie does not wish to part with me, Mr. MacKinnon, for we h-have been . . . dear friends; that's how it was, and we loved . . . mother; but he is a . . . brave little man, as you know, and mother and I will not forget him . . . you came to ask for Nestie, and it was God's will, for I h-have a f-favor to ask of you."

Bulldog went over and sat down by the bed, but said nothing. Only he took the minister's hand in his and waited. He also put his other arm around Nestie, and never did he look fiercer.

"I have no relatives, and his m-mother's family are all dead; there is nobody to be g-guardian to Nestie, and he cannot live alone. C-could you get some family who would be . . . where he might be at . . . h-home?

"You know we are not rich, but we've s-saved a little, for Nestie is a famous little house-k-keeper, and maybe there's enough to keep him . . . till he grows big, and I'll give you the receipt at the bank, and you'll . . . manage for him, won't you?"

Bulldog cleared his throat to speak, but could not find his voice—for a wonder, but his hand tightened on the minister's, and he drew Nestie nearer to him.

"Of course, Mr. MacKinnon, I know that we have no c-claim on you, for we are strangers in Muirtown, and you . . . have many boys. But you've been kind to Nestie, and he . . . loves you."

The minister stopped, breathless, and closed his eyes.

"Mr. Molyneaux," began Bulldog in a stern voice, "I'm willing to manage Nestie's estate, big or small, and I'll give an account of all intromissions to the Court, but I must decline to look out a home for Nestie.

"Nestie and me" (bad grammar has its uses, and some of them are very comforting) "are good freends. My house has just an auld schoolmaster and a housekeeper in it, and whiles we would like to hear a young voice——"

Bulldog paused, and then went on, his voice sterner than ever—in sound.

"Now, Bell's bark is worse than her bite, and maybe so is mine (Nestie nodded), so if the wee man wouldna be feared to live wi' . . . Bulldog—oh, I know fine what the rascals call me—he 'ill have a hearty welcome, and . . . I'll answer to ye baith, father and mother, for your laddie at the Day o' Judgment."

"'What shall I render . . . unto the Lord . . . for all His benefits?' I cannot thank you . . ."—the minister was now very weak—"but you will not . . . miss your reward. May the God of the orphan . . . Kiss me, Nestie."

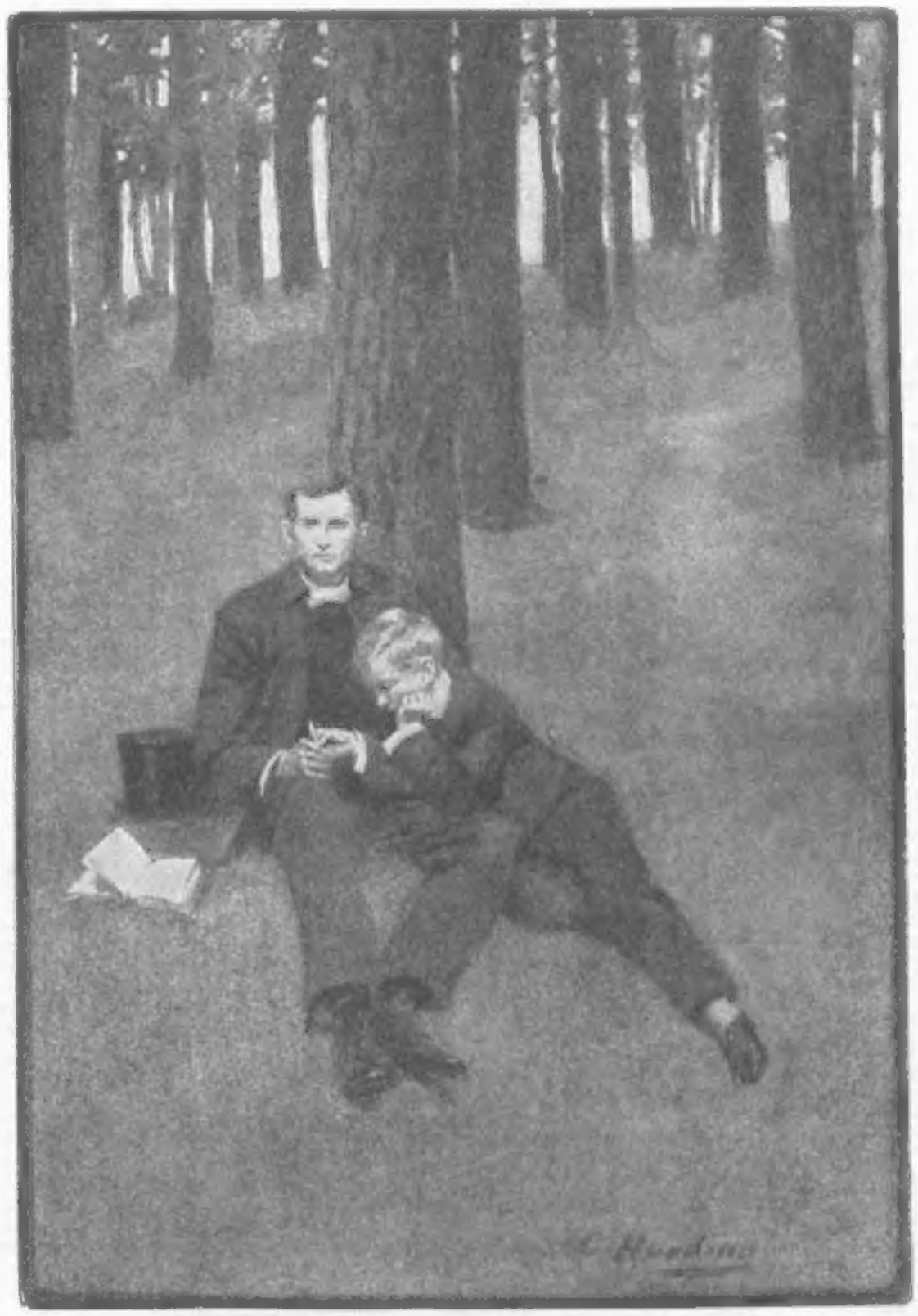
For a short while he slept, and they watched for any sign of consciousness.

"It was too soon"—he was speaking, but not to them—"for Nestie . . . to come, Maud; he must stay . . . at school. He is a good boy, and . . . his master will . . . take care of him. Nestie will grow to be a man, dear."

The minister was nearing the other side, and seeing the face he had loved and lost a while.

"It's mother," whispered Nestie, and a minute later he was weeping bitterly and clinging with all his might to the schoolmaster, who came perilously near to tears himself.

"They're together now, and . . . I'll be father and mother to ye, Nestie," said Mr. Dugald MacKinnon, master of mathematics in Muirtown Seminary, and known as Bulldog to three generations of Muirtown lads.



AND IT WOULD END IN A PHOTOGRAPH BEING TAKEN FROM A CASE, AND AFTER THEY HAD STUDIED IT TOGETHER, BOTH WOULD KISS THE FACE, WHICH WAS AS IF NESTIE HAD KISSED HIMSELF

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Sapping the American Spirit

OUR social life, of course, is not yet hardened into habit. It is still in the period of growth and development. Unquestionably we are making a tremendous advance along the lines of public politeness and national *savoir-vivre*. The pictures of American manners that you find in the travels of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens are as false now as they were true, I dare say, half a century ago.

As a nation, our public manners are exceptionally good. Taking the broad average, we are better bred than the English. We are quite as well-mannered as the great body of Frenchmen, and, in addition, our manners are a trifle more sincere and forthright. As a race, we are growing more courteous without losing any excessive amount of our social honesty or personal independence. There are, however, one or two indications that for every gain in social comity there is a corresponding loss somewhere else.

It was Dickens' chief complaint that American servants—public and private—were "cocky"; they waited on him in a spirit of impertinent equality; they were not to be leveled into respectful lackeyhood even by the weight of "tips." A dozen years ago Mr. William Archer had the same experience. About that time, too, I heard Sir Charles Dilke define Democracy as "a freedom from tips." My own experience was almost that of Mr. Archer. I was still infected with the Continental habit of the *pourboire*, and I dismayed an honest railway conductor by offering him a quarter. The very barber, at the old Everett House, I remember, refused my tip, like the self-respecting Yankee he was. *Eheu, fugaces!*

To-day the tip system has fastened on New York like a mild pestilence. The man who would go comfortably about the city and live agreeably must be prepared to tip his way. From New York as a centre the habit is spreading over the country. It travels by railroad, and the bicycle carries it along the country highways and byways. When Mr. Archer made his second visit to America, a few months ago, he found this spread of the tip habit far more noteworthy than the new Imperialism or the new sky-scrapers. "The first time I went to a barber shop," he explained, "I did not tip—when I was here before it was not the custom. Nothing was said, but there came such a chill over that shop that absolutely I did not dare to go in there the second time. I went elsewhere—and tipped."

I was wheeling along a country road the other day, and came to a place where three roads met. On the fence near by sat a small boy throwing stones at a woodpecker.

"What's the road to So-and-So?" I asked.

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you," said he.

"Why not?"

"Cause then you'd know as much as I do—a-a-h!"

As I rode on he called out: "Say, mister, I'll tell you for five cents."

It was the rustic form of the tip habit.

I do not say that tipping is wholly bad; it ameliorates life; it is the oil in the social machine. But I recognize the fact that it is working a perceptible change in what used to be called the "American spirit." Our comfort is bought at the expense of the other fellow's self-respect.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

When the harvest comes the wise farmer thinks of the winter. It should be that way in all periods of prosperity.

Horseshoe Statesmanship

THE man who hangs a horseshoe over his doorway to prevent Misfortune from stepping in unexpectedly, with her bundle of disappointments and failures under her arm, should be sure of the nail, lest when he slam the door the iron shoe fall on his head and well-nigh scalp him. Indeed, it requires not only great faith, but a deal of clever precaution, to insure the perfect working of a charm. We all blame Providence when an old sign fails us, and there is more genuine daring in a mad charge against settled intrenchments of superstition or long-accepted error than in storming a battery of rapid-fire guns. A pretty victory coinciding with an omen gives more delight to the Adam side of human nature than a cataclysm of conquest wrought by practically foreordered means.

The horseshoe may actually fall upon the head of him who hangs it up, but no horseshoe ever daunted the demon of ill luck. The man with a club fought for his fortune and his hut in the ancient days. The implement of defense is a more complicated machine now, and the man himself is not the simple factor he was when with fierce eyes under tangled hair he peered forth from his gloomy cave in the rocks. Tides of highly organized humanity are inundating every headland, plain and mountain region. The day when a flight of birds, the aspect of stars, the incantations of a witch or the spell of a horseshoe could influence destiny has seen its sun go down to rise no more; and now what?

Facing things as they are, and for the moment not considering what we wish, shall we overlook the inexorable law of work? What is work? Originally, it was tilling patches of soil and hunting wild beasts and birds. There were immeasurable waste regions of good land then, and all the woods, air and water abounded in edible things. To take was to deprive no person. But now, or in the comparatively near future, what? Practically the increase of population means decrease of productive area. We must be optimists, but not to the extent of denying the imperious demand of truth. The horseshoe will bump our head at our most hopeful moment if we trust to it. But shall we snatch the bread from our brother's mouth in order to feel inwardly comfortable ourselves? In a word, does work already begin to take on the grim air of robbery?

It is said that the first law of Nature is self-defense; but to take your neighbor's loaf and cut of bacon when no other earthly means can keep you from starving—is that not self-defense? To strike down your starving neighbor to keep him from taking by force your hard-earned crust—is that not self-defense, also? The horseshoe policy will not prevent this clash of self-defense against self-defense. You will pray for rain to save your languishing corn knowing that in the next field your neighbor's hay is down and but half cured. Nor does this admission carry with it proof of your selfishness in the worst sense of the word, unless we accept the theory that it is better for us all to perish than that one succumb to inevitable conditions.

The currents of contemporary history are setting toward a universal recognition of the limit of coincidence between the earth's habitable area and the volume of humanity. There is soon to be a mighty shifting of human conditions. The nations feel it. A tremendous problem of economy, not financial, not commercial, not political, but of existence, is coming into the world's mind. To that mind the centuries are as years; the calamities it must plan to evade are stupendous; the horseshoe that some statesmen would hang above the nation's door will not avail. Each people must look out for itself against the day off yonder when the strongest will survive. A mere question of greed must not be considered, but the question of final survival is imperative.

Statesmanship must not be content with to-day, to-morrow, or next year; even next century is but a breath's distance away. We must fix our feet firmly and wide apart; a narrow foundation gives no security against great shocks, and the shocks are certain when nothing else is; force is Nature's law of offense and defense, of destruction and conservation. We shall not escape the impacts of that law's inevitable currents as we go up the future on our way to destiny. Let other nations hang up horseshoes and depend upon charms; we must build our navies, strengthen our world-base, store up vitality, take on brawn, hold fast our high self-respect, and when the time comes for Armageddon—as come it surely must—we shall be able to use the first law of Nature with irresistible and righteous effect. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Public opinion is seldom led—it usually pushes its leaders along.

The Fouling of the Rivers

NOW and again when some worthy who has become a little bald boasts of the fun he used to have when he was a boy in going into the old swimming-hole near the red bridge, the younger members of the community tell him that there is no hole, that the bridge is of iron, painted yellow; that the river is only three feet deep, and is so foul that no sane person would think of swimming in it.

But he is as right in his recollection as they are in their statement. And it was pleasanter in the old days, for of a truth there is too much fouling of our rivers, and the precious privilege of a swim, which was treasured like the guerdons of our liberties, has been withdrawn from thousands of boys who would be cooler, cleaner, healthier and better contented because of it. More than that, while the town that pours its sewerage into the stream is the cleaner and safer because it has been rid of it, the towns lying along the river below the point of discharge are injured, and sometimes seriously so.

Malaria has appeared in villages that never used to have such things, and the disease is directly attributed to the lodgment of refuse in little bays and hollows, and especially its exposure on bars and reefs when the river has gone down in a dry season. Not only do the towns pour their offenses into the streams, but factories use them as drains for dyestuffs, chemicals and waste, and sawmills often cast out tons of dust and rubbish to steep in the water and cloud its surface. The result of all this has been to injure health, to diminish the pleasure of boating and the excellent and preservative practice of swimming, and to destroy all life in the stream, many species of fish having absolutely disappeared in certain of our rivers.

There is another aspect to this matter, and it is one that cannot be shunned. It is the abominable waste of material in our present sewerage system. The tons of refuse that are now poured into the sea should be collected, dried and returned to the soil, that in many parts of the country starves for lack. It used to be said that it was only necessary to tickle our prairie soil with a hoe and it would laugh with a harvest. That is not said now. The farms cannot succeed unless the soil is fed, and it cannot be fed when they waste what they do not use by emptying it into the streams.

The most important consideration of all in regard to this pollution of our rivers is its injury to the drinking supply of towns. We hear of many deaths as undoubted consequences of drain-poisoned water—deaths from typhoid diseases—and a larger number of instances in which the patient survives. They tell us we can filter and boil the water, and thereby make it innocuous, but that involves cost, delay and trouble, from which we have the right to exemption after we have paid our tax for the introduction of water supposed to be drinkable. This corruption of municipal supplies likewise entails large public expenditures for pumps, filters, inspections, cleaning, for the service of health officials and so on, and in the end it adds the further cost of bottled and barreled water from reliable springs.

Restore the rivers to us in their purity. Make them clean enough to drink from. At least let them not be so fouled that it is impossible to bathe in them, or to supply our stables with their water. Keep out the sewerage and the chemicals and the dyes, that the fish and the frogs and the insects may return and help to keep them the cleaner. A river on which boating was possible only to people without noses could not have been found in our country half a century ago. Nowadays such rivers are common.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

When a man owns his home he thinks more of his vote.

With the Compliments of the Colleges

MANY of those who were prominent in the recent war have received high degrees from leading colleges and universities, and some of them have been doubly blessed in the distribution of favors. Bluff old sailors and blunt old soldiers, who cannot for the life of them read the Latin on their diplomas, find themselves Doctors of Philosophy, Doctors of Law and other pleasant academic things, taking it all as a part of the game.

It sounds well. It shows that the colleges and universities are not too great to see the merits of the men of action, that they are not too elevated to miss the chance of profiting from the fame they so solemnly recognize. Then, too, they have the English precedent, which hitches every hero to a commencement chariot and drags him along as hostage to its name. Of course, some people in their blindness and intolerance are apt to charge that the colleges and universities know how to get proper advertising from the compliments they bestow, but this is a very narrow view, and it is not worthy of notice.

And the mere scholar who is not a hero ought not to complain that the mere hero who is not a scholar gets laurels which scholarship claims as its own. Scholarship should be broad; it should share its glories. It is all right for a female college to make the President of the United States a Doctor of Law, and it may be all right for a certain agricultural institution in the South to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and certainly if the largest colleges give their highest honors to fighters, the scholar ought to be thankful that anything at all is left for him and his quiet work.

Then, too, wars are so rare nowadays that the heroes of them are entitled to their innings when they do come around.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

There is no good reason why the open trolley cars of America should be about the most inconvenient and uncomfortable contrivances of modern civilization.

Man and His Years

"NO MAN is older than he feels" has been said by some one who had a pretty fair knowledge of the relation of man to his years, and Doctor Holmes presented the same idea in slightly different form when, some one mentioning a man as "eighty years old," the wise and witty Doctor corrected him by saying "eighty years young."

And why not? Most men—enough, in fact, to constitute a general truth—are what their minds and their hearts make them, and from these spiritual parts of man the usual effect of the years may be successfully warded until the physical frame goes to pieces as did the wonderful one-horse shay.

The fact is, no man need ever be old, as the word is generally understood in its application to man's age. He may and must acquire years, but years do not mean old age.

The course of a human life has been divided into three periods of duration, comprising twenty-five years each, the first being the ascent, or youth, from one to twenty-five years; the second, the level, or manhood, from twenty-five to fifty; and the third, the descent, or age, from fifty to seventy-five, five years being added to the Biblical estimate of threescore and ten years as the allotted period. A better division, however, would make the first from one to thirty years, the second from thirty to seventy-five, and the third from seventy-five to ninety. This newer arrangement may be based upon the fact that while the average length of life in the seventeenth century was computed at thirteen years, it increased in the eighteenth to twenty years and in the nineteenth to thirty-six years. In addition, a further argument is offered for the extension of time in the generally accepted law of the animal kingdom that life is five times the period of growth, which, being twenty-one years in man, puts the limit of his years at one hundred and five.

The newspapers noted in June last the instance of an Indiana man, one hundred and three years of age, securing a divorce from his fourth wife, he having outlived three others; and earlier in the year the papers contained extended stories of the marriage in Pennsylvania of a man of one hundred and four and a woman of one hundred and two.

In every department of human endeavor we find men, past the seventy-year mark, who are active as their younger competitors, and usually keener and more dangerous rivals than they were at fifty. A bank President past ninety may be cited in Connecticut, a railroad man in New Jersey nearing the century mark; here, a minister of the Gospel ignoring his Bible by working long years after his threescore and ten are up; there, a physician forgetting the years in his work of alleviating suffering; everywhere, men of many years, steady-handed, steady-headed, quick to think, quick to act, and wise to wait; men of many years, but by no means old men. The men of past eighty who are still in the harness are legion, latitude nor longitude affecting their vitality. Men past seventy are Governors, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors and Congressmen, and seventy is not held to be old at all for a candidate for the Presidency of the United States if he be otherwise available. Beyond the sea not less are the men of years not old men, and we have the notable examples of Gladstone and Bismarck, the two men of their time, filled with as many years as with honors, and active to the last.

Possibly the Biblical standard or limit is at fault, by translation or otherwise, and we have been putting the estimate too low in fixing threescore and ten years as the term of our usefulness. In any event the attention of the reader is called to two passages of Scripture. The first is the tenth verse of the ninetieth Psalm, being "A Prayer of Moses, the Man of God," which says: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is there strength, labor and sorrow"; and the second is the seventh verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, which says: "And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." —WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

The expert gardening that has made the city of Washington blossom like the rose has all been done under the direction of three elderly Scotsmen who have long been in the employ of the National Government. William R. Smith, who is the senior in point of service, went to Washington during the Administration of Millard Fillmore and assumed charge of the Botanic Gardens, a position that he still holds.

The Botanic Gardens have never been the pet of Congress, and their Superintendent has been compelled to fight more than one stubborn battle in their behalf. This straightforward Scotsman has little patience with those who think that nothing save what is utilitarian has any right to exist. It is recorded that on one occasion when a party of Congressmen were making a tour of the gardens Mr. Smith's Scots temper came very near getting the better of him.

"What is the use of it all?" asked one of them. "Why should Congress spend the people's money for things that are only pretty?"

"My dear sir," was Mr. Smith's quick response, "if the Great Architect of the universe had thought of utility when he made you, he would have put you on four legs and fed you on hay."

Mr. Brown, Superintendent of the Public Garden, is another skilled gardener of long and varied experience. Mr. Brown came to America when he was about fourteen years old, and began his apprenticeship in the celebrated conservatories of Dr. Thomas Rush, of Philadelphia. It would almost seem as though Mr. Brown must possess an Aladdin's lamp, so remarkable are the floral effects which he arranges in the gardens of the Capital. One day the plots in the squares will be radiant with crocus blooms, tulips and hyacinths, and twenty-four hours later they will have disappeared and the plots will be bright masses of brilliant geraniums or coleus.

During President Arthur's Administration, whenever Mr. Brown's duties called him to the White House the President invariably sought him out and engaged him in a pleasant chat, prefacing it with a cordial shake of the hand. One morning Mr. Brown had been handling flower-pots and earth, and when the President put out his hand said politely that his was not in a condition to grasp it.

"Nonsense, Mr. Brown," said the President; "shake hands, man," and grasping his friend's soiled hand he gave it a hearty shake. This was characteristic of the man who was more popular with the rank and file of the people in Washington than any President who has occupied the executive mansion in recent years.

Mr. Saunders, the Superintendent of the Agricultural Gardens, was destined for the ministry, a profession which he relinquished because his inclination was not in that direction. He has written more or less all his life, and there is hardly a branch of learning that he does not know something of.

Mr. Saunders is particularly interested in art, especially in the branch of it that directly concerns landscape gardening. It was owing to his suggestion that the terraces on the west front of the Capitol, which add much to the appearance of that structure, were made.

The place chosen for the Webster Monument in Massachusetts Avenue, near the residence of Mr. Hutchins, overlooks Louise Home, where Mrs. Semple, the aged daughter of President Tyler, and during Mr. Webster's Premiership the presiding lady at the White House, is spending her last days. This venerable woman has a lively recollection of her father's Secretary of State, who was often her escort. "One could see in a moment," she says, "that he was not a common man, but a person of great force. His eyes were like lights in a cave, and while not an accomplished conversationalist in the sense of being able to talk about trifles, he was a brilliant talker.

"When my sister Elizabeth," narrates Mrs. Semple, "was married to Mr. William Waller, of Virginia, a descendant of the English poet, Mr. Webster was among the guests. He was in famous spirits and in great good humor. Asked by some one present how he was enjoying the occasion, Mr. Webster replied:

> 'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> The men below and saints above,
> For love is Heaven and Heaven is love.'"

Another of his contemporaries, to show his quickness at repartee, tells how, in speaking of a lady's eyes, some one remarked that they reminded him, with their dark lashes, of Cupid's artillery in ambuscade.

"They should rather be compared," said A., "to heat-lightning."

"Not so," replied Mr. Webster; "for heat-lightning never strikes."

Chevalier Trentanove, the sculptor of the Webster statue, was born in Florence, but a long residence in this country, where some of his best work has been done, has made him a great admirer of America. Like many of his craft, Mr. Trentanove was not a prodigy at school, but he learned to such purpose that his parents, who had different ambitions for the boy, were forced to recognize his genius, and permitted him to enter the Academy of Fine Arts. There he soon took the lead of all his companions, and attracted the attention of the King, who took him under his protection, encouraged him by visits to his studio, and finally knighted him as a reward for his contributions to contemporary art.

Mr. Trentanove tells an amusing story of the King's first visit to his atelier. He had not been informed of the honor to be done him, and was in his workman's blouse busily modeling a statue, when the door opened and King Humbert, accompanied by a large suite, entered the room. His Majesty began to question the young artist concerning his work. Although much embarrassed, Trentanove made fluent answers, all unconscious, until the back of his blouse was warningly jerked by one of the King's attendants, that he was committing the very grave error of addressing him as "Signor" instead of "Your Majesty." Much annoyed, he immediately corrected himself, only to fall into the same mistake a moment later, but the King, who is a model of good nature and amiability, only smiled at his blunders.

Mr. Wu, the present Envoy of China to this Government, who recently went to Madrid to present his credentials to the Spanish Government, is a Cantonese, and received his early education at the Anglo-Chinese school in the city famous for its wonderful silks. Later, this ambitious young man went to England, where he took a course in international law and was finally admitted to the English bar.

On his return to Hongkong he began the practice of his profession, and soon gained a high reputation, attracting the attention of Li Hung Chang, then at the zenith of his power.

Mr. Wu is the most picturesque character in official life at the Capital. A man of deep learning, of keen understanding, quick, alert, who sees with a perfectly clear vision and is quick at repartee, he has established a reputation as an astute diplomat. He speaks English fluently, and at a dinner of the Gridiron Club, an organization of newspaper men, Mr. Wu created a veritable sensation by the admirable way in which he held his own against such doughty opponents as Chauncey Depew and Speaker Reed.

The Chinese Minister wears the picturesque costume of his country—the queer boots which are never seen in this part of the world save on a Chinaman or in a museum, the long flowing coat, the loose jacket and round black satin hat, the front of which is usually adorned by a handsome diamond. His manners are genial and cordial, he is approachable and responsive, and has a host of American friends.

When the present Envoy came to Washington the Chinese Legation was situated almost in the suburbs. Mr. Wu at once took a house in the fashionable quarter, which he has decorated more liberally than any of his predecessors with Chinese works of art, beautiful pieces of porcelain and embroideries, which give its interior quite an Oriental appearance. His hospitality has been generous and refined, and his weekly dinners of last season were a feature of fashionable life.

The chatelaine of the Chinese Legation is a very unusual woman. She is the first of her country and caste resident in Washington to gain a knowledge of English, but in the two years of her stay here Madame Wu has studied assiduously, and while her vocabulary is limited, she manages to make herself thoroughly understood, and to convince her hearers that the women of the Occident can learn something of the women of the Orient.

Madame Wu is of exalted rank and comes from the old aristocracy of China. There is no mixture of Manchurian blood in her veins, and her tiny feet are evidence of her high caste, which is further attested by the golden eagle worn across her breast. She dresses handsomely, but, of course, after the fashion in Pekin.

No man in Congress has a keener sense of humor than John Allen, of Mississippi, who for various reasons has been much in the public eye during the past few months. Not long ago, in the midst of a very interesting speech, a member on the other side of the Chamber asked:

"May I interrupt the gentleman from Mississippi for a moment?"

"Is it for applause?" queried Mr. Allen. "The gentleman from Mississippi allows no interruptions except for applause."

Paymaster-General Stewart, of the Navy, who has just been placed on the retired list, has one of the most remarkable records in the Navy. During the late war he disbursed over thirty seven millions of dollars, and there was never a scandal, nor a court of inquiry, nor a question, nor even a doubt, as to the proper use of a cent of the money.

He bought all the rations and all the clothing that were used by the sailors; he furnished the Navy with ice, tobacco and delicacies for the sick, but there was never a complaint, although a considerable part of the rations consisted of the canned roast beef concerning which there was so much criticism in the Army.

The Bureau of Provisions and Supplies, as it is called in the Navy, of which General Stewart was the head, performs the duties that are assigned to the Quartermaster-General, the Commissary-General and the Paymaster General in the Army.

By Joe Lincoln

SUN like a furnace hung up overhead,
Burnin' and blazin' and blisterin' red,
Sky like an ocean, so blue and so deep,
One little cloud ship becalmed and asleep,
Breezes all gone and the leaves hangin' still,
Shimmer of heat on the medder and hill
Labor and laziness callin' to me,
Hoe or the fishin'-pole, which'll it be?

There's the old cornfield out there in the sun,
Showin' so plain that there's work to be done,
There's the mean weeds with their tops all a-sprout,
Seemin' to stump me to come clean 'em out,
But, there's the river, so clear and so cool,
There's the white lilies afloat on the pool,
Scentin' the shade 'neath the old maple tree—
Hoe or the fishin' pole, which'll it be?

Dusty and dry droops the corn in the heat,
Down by the river a robin sings sweet,
Gray squirrels chatter as if they might say,
"Who's the chump talkin' of *work'in'* to-day?"
Robin's song tells how the pickerel wait,
Under the lily-pads, hungry for bait
I ought'er make for that cornfield, I know,
But—where's the fishin'-pole? Hang the old hoe!

The Grown Man's Law

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I was very much interested in Vance Thompson's story in the POST, "The Grown Man's Law." It was a very sad picture, and a very true one.

If more work could be done to cheer the lives of the poor [illegible] *homes*, and not at institutions, much more would be accomplished for the Master.

Individual lives must be touched, and there is the one great point in favor of the work that the Salvation Army is doing. The soldier reaches the individual, and many a humble home [illegible] to have the pleasure of [illegible] Thompson's poem.

United States Mint, Philadelphia. HOMER L. POUSLY.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I wish to submit several questions suggested by the editorial by Mr. John Habberton on Small Farming a Refuge from Poverty. In it he says, "Sooner or later many of the half-starved, half-imprisoned people of the large cities will be obliged to go back to the soil for their living." Now, Mr. Editor, why "*obliged*"? Will they be forced by intolerable conditions to leave the cities? If so, where are they to [illegible] since there is no more free land? Are these people not likely to remain where they are as long as there is a barrier which [illegible] them from obtaining access to land?

Mr. Habberton plainly [illegible]

No one doubts the capacity of the soil of this country to support a population [illegible] times as large. But the fact remains that land is artificially scarce. Is not this the cause of the crowding in our large cities? Can it not be traced to the monopoly of the natural resources by a small portion of the people? These few are literally the lords of the soil, and they obtain their power from the institution of private property in land. They can keep the bars up if they so choose.

But there is a simple way to break land monopoly. It is to take the annual value of land, created by the presence and industry of the whole people, in lieu of all present forms of taxation. Were ground-rent to be so taken, it would be unprofitable to hold land out of use. It is profitable now to allow land to remain idle, because those who hold the title deeds to it are enabled to reap the increment of its value without any expenditure of labor. By applying the Single Tax the resources would be opened up. It would be the same as the discovery of a new continent. GEORGE F. WING, JR.

Wareham, Massachusetts.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

What I most admire about your editorial page is the hopeful and sensible view that the contributors take of the facts of life. For instance, I notice that what they say about the close of the century gives credit not only to the good that has been done, but to the greater good that is promised. But why shouldn't they?

The vast majority of folks do their honest work and live their normal lives out of the glare and noise of constant publicity. It is the boast of the newspapers that they hold the mirror up to Nature; but who would like to judge the world by the headlines in the reflection? There are crimes, of course, and a few small wars, and some destitution, and large problems in the centres of civilization, but the great [illegible]ion furnishes more gladness than sorrow, more hope than [illegible].

In the homes of our people, in the increase in culture and opportunities for intellectual enjoyment, in the work of schools and churches, and in all the better things of life there has been great and the sum of human happiness has [illegible] grown. Comfort and the character of living have broadened, and the conveniences which Kings might vainly have sought a century ago are in the homes of every reputable man.

So, in spite of the many ugly things we read in the daily news, and the momentous social problems set up by conferences and conventions, and buttressed with statistics, the fact remains, it seems to me, that in the general results civilization is making a fine showing at this stage of the world's journey.

Louisville, Kentucky. R. W. T.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The recent war with Spain has produced an interest in her people that would never have existed but for this unhappy event. It has been a matter of surprise to me that among the almost numberless written articles concerning this country scarce mention has been made of the great indebtedness to its Jewish inhabitants. The celebrated physicians of Spain were largely of Hebrew origin, and one has but to examine carefully the black-and-white reproductions of the portraits of her distinguished men to remark certain characteristic resemblances to the Hebrew race.

Mrs. Newton Crosland, in her delightful reminiscences of our fathers' and mothers' times, Landmarks of a Literary Life, writes of her acquaintance with Grace Aguilar, the Jewess author of Home Influence and A Mother's Recompense books that charmed with their purity and sweetness the generation past.

She told her friend how many Jews and their households fled from Spain to England during the fifteenth century and the early part of the century now closing. Many retained their estates in Spain, which yielded handsome incomes under the care of Christian stewards. She also related a story illustrating the extent of Hebrew influence on Spanish life. An ancestor, a courtier in high favor, lay dying. A Cardinal was sent to administer extreme unction and prepare for death. The dying man, face to face with the inevitable, cried out:

"Cease your ministrations—I am a Jew," whereupon the Cardinal immediately commenced reciting the Hebrew liturgy for the dying, for he was himself a Jew.

Opulent Jews calling themselves Catholics were abundant in Madrid and elsewhere. More than one palatial residence contained a secret chamber where Jehovah was worshiped with the ancient Hebrew rites. It was the single discovery of such worship and the terrible attendant tragedy that caused Miss Aguilar's forbears to flee from Spain and seek an abiding-place in England. IVERS S. PATCH.

Saundersville, Massachusetts.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

John Habberton's editorial, Small Farming a Refuge from Poverty, is interesting and suggestive, and deals with a problem that will become, within the next hundred years, the supreme question of the hour. The time is not far off when all other issues will be superseded by the greatest question ever confronting mankind, namely, "What shall be done with our surplus population?" This applies not only to America but to the whole earth.

Habberton probably has this question in mind when he offers as a solution of an ever-increasing problem farming as a refuge from poverty. In my opinion, the allotment of land for cultivating purposes will not be a successful expedient when it becomes necessary to look after the surplus of poor. Farming might prove a wise plan if put into practice at this time, but soon there will be as many people inhabiting the country, or rather land at present uncultivated, as the earth can possibly yield sustenance for, without drawing at all from the cities' surplus.

Brooklyn, New York. A. E. MCKAY.

The CIRCLE OF A CENTURY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

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CHAPTER II

YES, Jack Warriner was a very pleasing figure of a man Adamson, who jumped up to meet him and pump-handled his arm with enthusiastic welcome, felt his blood warm at the sight of him. Jack declining even a sip of cognac or green mint, but accepting a cigar, the two went off by means of Job Adamson's private lift (which he never used) to the airy top-story of the house, wherein Rex had insisted upon having his own quarters fitted up. So long had Jack been accustomed to enjoy the best externals of life through others, it did not cost him a pang to praise the luxurious and perfectly appointed bachelor's suite Rex had to exhibit. He looked over its treasures with a critic's eye, suggested some changes, discussed others with his friend, and finally dropped into an armchair before the fire, savoring his cigar in a perfectly contented frame of mind

"You see, I've had some of these superfluous servants of my father's up here all the afternoon unpacking the chests of rubbish I picked up and sent ahead of me. That accounts for the litter of curios. No doubt I'll be sick of lots of 'em and chuck 'em into the rubbish heap before long. One always does—but talk of not buying for one's self—that's half the fun—getting set upon by those picturesque sharps who dive out of odd corners and let you walk over their stomachs if you'll only buy. I've trotted about so much, and seen so much, one would think I'd get tired of the play-toys of travel—but thank Heaven, I'm tired of nothing yet. I enjoy life more every day. But I'm just a little bit scared at coming back home to settle, Jack. I'm afraid New York will fail to hold me in its machine. And I can see by my father's eye that he's reached the last limit of patience with having me a gentleman of leisure. He cabled me to come over and 'learn the ropes.' He's thinking he's getting old, and I must learn to take his place. Does he believe, I wonder, that I expect to go down to that dingy office every day of my life, and stay there till nearly dark, piling up more money—for what, under the Heaven above us?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Jack, as if his pockets were full of the thing so despised. "Money's the steam that makes the engines go. And one can stand having a good lot of it."

"But he's fabulously rich. I don't believe he knows, himself, how much he has already. Long ago I settled with him to give me a stated allowance—ample, I dare say—but not beyond the dreams of avarice, by any means. If I ran short I waited till the next installment came round. I've always been a simple fellow in my tastes. This truck I've piled up here and my books represent my highest personal expenditure. And I get the credit for fairly wallowing in wealth!"

"You'll drop in some Saturday, after five, and let me resume my monologue, won't you, Mr. Adamson?"

"Good Lord, Adamson! To hear you talk!" exclaimed the other irrepressibly. "If I had your chances I'd know how to use 'em. Why, with the money you'll inherit you'll be a king—a [illegible]

"My father's a [illegible]n of finance, and his father was before him. What has it profited either of them? I suppose by multiplying enjoyments for other people one may keep workmen industrious; but I'll give you my word, all I've ever seen of plutocrat society here makes me want to keep out of it. I got more joy from Oxford's halls and gardens, and the Iffley, than I ever can from Fifth Avenue and Central Park, and that awful grind downtown. One of our nice old dons told me once there is real beauty, though often a latent one, in whatever the human mind creates upon necessity. I hope mine will create something before long——"

"Strange how I brought an entirely different impression of Oxford to America. To me it was pleasant, but merely an episode into which I didn't exactly fit. I always thought you'd be the kind of fellow who'd be ruined by it, for home; and now I know it. Take my advice, Rex, and be a rosebud in a cup of wine, like men. It's easier than doing the Omar Khayyám act, and investigating the meanings of things. I dare say in time you'll settle down into a model young millionaire, and feel exceedingly resigned. If you want to study the law of contrasts, however, begin first here, now. As usual, I'm cleaned out and at the bottom of the ladder, wondering how in the deuce I'm going to get up. But this time I'm willing to take advantage of your various offers to set me squarely upon my feet. Strange, fabulous, apochryphal as it may seem, I want to begin work in earnest—work that will bring cash quickly—work that will help me to keep straight, as I've done for six months past, and look forward to better things"

"Jack, my dear boy, I'm awfully glad to hear it!" exclaimed Rex heartily

He did not know exactly how to go on, and Jack, with an angelic smile, saved him the trouble of trying.

"I knew there would be joy in Heaven, and all that kind of thing, you know. Yes, I'm in earnest now if I never was before. I've thrown over that beastly photographing because it wasn't fit for me, and I've got an opening elsewhere—that is, if somebody (not to say the fellow who's been ramming at me to go and do it off and on for some years past) will step forward and give me a start. And I'll swear I'll do him credit. I've been trying to wring help out of the home people, but they're squeezed dry."

"You should have first come to me," said Rex simply.

Experience with Warriner had taught him many things, but never that Jack would close down on him for money in cold blood. Had this been the case, their friendship had not hung together so long

So they talked details, and Rex satisfied himself that the rolling stone was at last really in a way to come to a halt, where it would remain with Jack himself whether or not he would stay. He felt a new sense of the satisfaction that lies in power, when he planned to help his friend with both money and influence—and, in fancy, widened out Jack's plan to include a push from Job Adamson that would hasten matters with a bound.

When they had reached this point Rex surprised on his companion's face a very startling apparition—almost as startling as the tearful expression worn by his father when his ship touched dock. Jack looked genuinely humble and ashamed.

"I'm not fit for the company I keep—that's clear," said Mr Warriner, getting up to pace the room, then stopping before the fireplace and tossing back his head. "Since I'm in the melting mood to-night, old chap, and you've shown the patience of a saint and the friendship of—oh! well, I can't express it, and I won't try—I'll tell you the truth why I want to straighten out and do my best and be a man again. I've fallen in love."

"I've been waiting to hear that come out," said Rex, surveying him curiously. "*Cherchez la femme* occurred to me some time ago."

"I have known her always—or at least that she was there. Until last year, when she suddenly blossomed out into a beauty, she was a lankish young female with a club of hair tied up with a ribbon, a good deal of black stocking, and an inordinate taste for tomboy doings. Our families are connected—or were, in the dark ages of old New York. I believe one of them had our ancestral property and then we got it back—much good it does us now, when there isn't a beggarly store or warehouse left us in city real estate, and only some barren acres of a run-to-seed 'Manor' up the Hudson that nobody will buy. My mater could tell you all about it if she would, but just now she's on her dignity with the Hopes, because she suspects me of spooning in that direction."

"What! Laurence Hope's people—the fellow I crossed with?"

"Just so. Of course you like Laurie; everybody does. I do, in spite of his having been always held up to me as a model. He's what virtuous business men call 'nervy,' and 'wide-awake,' and sure to get ahead. The family needs him, since the Hopes haven't been of much consequence in the public eye for many a long year. They don't get brief biographies, and startling portraits with puffs attached—in the Sunday papers, I mean. Like us poor, played-out Warriners, they've dropped behind in this tremendous foot race of New York The father's a mild, courteous, Historical-Society and Son-of-the-Cincinnati kind of old fellow, perfectly satisfied with things as they go, and with having enough to live on in the house where he was born. But Mrs. Hope's like my mother and sisters, and most women nowadays—bitten with ambition to get to the front. She was a Philadelphia woman, with ancestors of Revolutionary date, and, I presume, a pedigree stretching back to prehistoric days in England. They tell me she's banking largely upon Lucy to—did I tell you her name is Lucy?"

"No; you omitted that particular. Sweet little Wordsworthian prænom, that. Is she 'a violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye'?"

"She's fresh enough and sweet enough for anything, but her mother doesn't mean her to be hidden long. She was to have made her formal appearance in society in December—did I tell you she's just nineteen?"

"I'll make a note of that, too," answered Rex, smiling. It was something new to see Jack Warriner hard hit

"Well, somebody up'd and died in their connection recently, and the *début* was put off—worse luck—till now. Mrs. Hope is going to give a 'tea' for her. Do you know what a New York old family 'tea' is, Adamson? If not, don't inquire!—that is, make an exception in the case of this particular function, which occurs to-morrow afternoon. Another tax upon your friendship! I want you to go there with me as my friend—my particular importation and contribution to society. I suppose you never think, Rex, such a dear old indifferent fellow as you are, what a flutter in the dovecote your coming home to live has made here. You are actually the hero of the hour. If I weren't afraid you'd kick me downstairs, I'd tell you about a paragraph announcing your return that came out in this evening's papers."

"Great Scott, Warriner, you make me sick," said Rex, turning red and shuddering

"It's true, old man, and you can't get out of it. You and this house are lauded together to the skies, and by to-morrow all the matchmakers will be sharp-set in pursuit of you. If I take you to the Hopes' I'll be welcome as flowers in spring Every face will beam on me—not that I care about anybody's beaming excepting Lucy's dear mamma. It will put the dragon in a good humor with me for the rest of the season. She will give me the freedom of the house And it'll cost you nothing but an hour of boredom in your frock coat."

"If it could have been deferred," went on Rex, as genuinely uncomfortable as a large-sized, fair-skinned, anti society man can be. "To plunge headlong into vapidity—

"Come. Brace up and take it like a good fellow. I need your prestige to launch me; and some day if Lucy and I ever see our way out of the [illegible]arl of circumstances—by George, Rex, I can joke about almost anything, I think, but I'll stop right here! I'm mad about that girl. To get her I'd do anything but lie or steal And I'll own one thing to you, because you are [illegible]ving me this chance. We are engaged, though the Lord only knows what'll become of it

"She doesn't dare tell her parents, naturally—nor I my people. My poor madre has long ago given up expecting me to realize her ambitions. I'm a gone coon, she thinks. But the Hopes, or Mrs. H., depend on Lucy to conquer the world for them. She is pretty beyond words, merry, light hearted, daring, and true as steel. Having pledged herself to me, she'd go through fire and water for me. Sometimes my heart misgives me, and I fear that I was a cur to let her pledge herself, when she knew actually nothing of the world.

—he dropped into one of his silent fits

"I've feared it was all an impulse—a girl's fancy that she could reform me. Well, so far she has reformed me. Since she promised herself to me last summer—at a country house party where we met—I've never touched a drop. I worked this winter till I heard of this opening I told you of And then I threw the job overboard, resisting a strong impulse to punch my employer's addled head, and came home to meet you. Not a living soul knows about Lucy and me, Rex, but you. The truth is, I'm pretty shaky, and I need you to help me to stand firm——"

"I'll help, Jack," said Rex soberly. He was thinking what an immense responsibility Jack had thrust on him. His sympathy went out to the headlong, loving, impulsive child who had taken up her part of the burden without the faintest knowledge of what Jack was, and had been. It seemed to Rex that what he was asked to do was not exactly nice. But, on the other hand, he could not withhold a hand to pull a sinking comrade out of a quicksand

All Jack's bravado, slang and indifference had fled. He stood up, facing Rex like a schoolboy who has forgotten his piece. If ever in his misspent life he had been in earnest it was now. He was mortally in need of Rex.

And amid the lines traced by a thousand reckless and unworthy acts upon Jack Warriner's face there remained the unquestionable indication that he had been born a gentleman, and that he spoke the truth

His smile when Rex, without a word, stretched out his hand to him, was, despite his seven-and twenty years, a boy's, and under its influence Rex ceased to wonder at the self-devotion of Miss Lucy Hope to the cause of Jack's reform!

When, together, the two young men pushed through the crowd at Mrs. Hope's next afternoon, Rex Adamson, during a halt enforced by those pressing ahead of them to greet the hostess, chanced to cast his eyes upon an old portrait on the

In a short time he was surrounded, invited, flattered, reminded of "Tuesdays" and "Thursdays"

wall opposite. Instantly his attention was riveted by it with almost painful intensity.

In mysterious fashion not to be explained he felt that this face had previously held, would hold, over him some influence of power. How strange and fantastic that he should be possessed with the idea those features were to be intimately connected with his fate, or had in some earlier stage of existence written an inscription upon his mind!

He could not cease from looking at the portrait. It was that of a young woman in the radiancy of beauty and happiness, dressed in the square-cut gown, long waist and top-knots of a hundred years before. The artist who had limned her was of the best of his generation, clearly. The flesh tints bloomed as in life, the eyes sought his mischievously, the rosy mouth was curved in an undying smile——!

"Good Heavens, what a beauty!" he said, to cover his confusion when he found Jack eyeing him sidewise with an odd expression, half mockery, half pride. "I never saw anything so vivid. One would swear it is real flesh and blood peeping through a hole in the canvas—like Peg Woffington in Triplet's studio."

"Rex, are you an arch diplomatist? But I forget—how could you know? Prepare for a surprise when I name you to Mrs. and Miss Hope."

Verily, a surprise! "Miss Hope" was the lady of the canvas, stepped out of her frame! Rex had caught but a passing glimpse of the fine-grained, faded mother who had given him a little hand covered with costly old rings, with a greeting of the most gracious—his gaze was all for Lucy.

He was unaware that the people round them had widened to a circle that gazed at him with whispered comments. He dimly heard Mrs. Hope's velvety voice asking him to come to them in the future, when there would be more chance to make his acquaintance. His attention was rapt by the girl wearing a high white gown and carrying a large bunch of white lilacs, who had met him with such a kind and fearless look out of her soft eyes.

His was the experience of a lifetime that comes to some lucky men. Without the possibility of a doubt in his mind, he knew that he had met his ideal woman—the dream-maiden whose spell for weal or woe is cast the moment one encounters her!

And she was Jack Warriner's betrothed, to screen whose affair with his friend he had come here, all unsuspecting!

Rex Adamson's slow pulses quickened to a sudden maddening gallop and a mist passed over his brain. To hide it he looked over again at the portrait, and said some commonplace words regarding his mistake in believing it to be an antique.

"But it is an antique—not my portrait, but that of my great-great-grandmamma," she said, blushing. "People who are in the habit of coming here are so accustomed to the resemblance they've stopped noticing it. The Lady of the Duel, we've always called her; and I bear her name, Lucilla Chester Hope. I think Lucilla sounds foolish in these days, and I made the girls at school call me Lucy. My brother Laurie said you, too, are in revolt over your Christian name, Mr. Adamson. I think we ought all to be numbered or lettered in our babyhood, and left to choose for ourselves when we arrive at an age to think. Laurie came out better in the deal than I."

"I must seem to you a blathering idiot," said Rex, who had recovered his usual unperturbed exterior. "But I'll swear I feel as if I had known you, or the Lady of the Duel, somewhere. The conviction strikes me with extraordinary force."

"It may be a case of reincarnation," said the girl. "And in the old days you may have been her friend. I hope so, I am sure."

"Hardly likely, since my people had not then appeared on the surface of social life."

"Don't say so. I mean to believe we were all on the best of terms. It will make Mr. Warriner feel badly, since his were not," she added with a half-nervous attempt for the first time to introduce Jack into the general conversation.

"You know, Rex, or you don't know," said Jack, "that tradition makes my forbear the one who fought for that fair Lucilla on the wall, and unfortunately lost her. But I don't care for those old Johnnies anyhow—and in this generation," he added in a tone that reached Lucy's ear alone, "the Warriners will sing a different tune."

She did not answer him, but resumed her bantering chat with his friend.

"By the way, Mr. Adamson, Laurie has done nothing since he landed yesterday but extol your merits as traveling companion. We had already asked him to bring you to see us, but of course he wouldn't have done so. Brothers always think it doesn't pay their friends to call on their own womenkind. Bad boy, he said he'd be kept down town this afternoon on business for the firm. But dear! We saw through him in a moment. He wouldn't be caught at a tea at home, though I will say he sent me a stunning bouquet of orchids, which I call noble on the part of my impoverished Laurie."

While speaking these careless words, she lifted to her face as if merely to inhale their fragrance, the white lilacs evidently selected to be carried from among the many tokens of the kind heaped around her on mantelpiece, grand piano and cabinets. Adamson could not help seeing that, with the daintiest of touches, like a butterfly on and off, she at the same time brushed them with her lips. He was amazed at the frankness of character, the abandonment to loyal feeling, this action betokened; for at once, by the dark red flush arising in Jack Warriner's face, Rex knew that it had been appropriated by her lover as the answer she had withheld in words.

And then Mrs. Hope, who thought she had allowed Mr. Adamson to absorb her daughter as long as unwritten law permits on such an occasion, interposed with a fresh batch of presentations to the *débutante*. The young men had no recourse but to drift away into the crowd, each trying to throw off an emotion he did not wish the other to fathom.

Jack, rallying first, introduced his friend to a Mrs. Arrowtip, a nimble-witted widow of a certain age, who retained amid her trenchant views of contemporaneous society good nature enough to keep her secure of acceptance in the fashionable circles she contemned. As soon as they were left together she launched into a stream of lively talk.

"Jack knew—the Warriners are my cousins, you must understand—it is a nest of cousins here this afternoon—that, like everybody else, I was simply dying to meet you, Mr. Adamson. We have been so jealous of your never staying in America long enough to make acquaintances. But it was clever of you. There is nothing like a whet to a jaded appetite, and New York likes a man who can afford to turn his back on it—my New York, I mean, not the New York of philosophers and political economists. You see, you are not only an interesting personality, but a social problem. Your father's son, and your grandfather's grandson, belongs to us. We expect to be led by you some day soon, and are prepared to jump after you, over any fence you elect to take."

"Great Heavens, what have I done?" asked Adamson.

—HE KNEW THAT HE HAD MET HIS IDEAL WOMAN

"It was done for you by your predecessors who amassed a fortune that represents the highest American ideal of romance and distinction. Every people must have a sovereign of the imagination; and ours is enormous wealth. To dwell upon you and your doings will furnish amusement and recreation to hundreds of thousands of people who lead commonplace lives all over our country. As to the newspapers——"

"They will curse me from my eyeglass to my trousers, as Kipling would say."

"Or praise you till you crave a curse. You will be 'copy' for many a day to come, Mr. Adamson."

"Can you wonder, then, that I've made myself scarce this long, when all I ask is to be, like my father before me, the most unassuming of private citizens?"

"But you can't, you see. You are of that magic 'third generation' from which all things are expected here. You are young, highly educated, have been everywhere, seen everything—you can't expect to slip into your father's groove. Why, the woman you'll choose for a wife will rise into a subject of national importance."

"The nation will have to look elsewhere for excitements, then. Really, you rob life of the few aspects in which it attracts me. The only comfort I have is that wise men have said the grandfather makes a fortune, the father enjoys it, and the grandchildren scatter it to the winds. Unfortunately, I am a man of simple tastes and modest ambitions. It's too bad, Mrs. Arrowtip, that I am destined to be such a disappointment to your community, but I can't unmake myself."

"Please don't," she said, casting an approving glance upon his muscular form and fine, straightforward face. "But, dear me! here am I keeping you from all the other women who may want to know you."

"Nobody can be suffering from that complaint," he said, laughing. "Don't leave me yet, I beg. If you knew what a greenhorn I feel in a smart New York house——"

"Oh! but this isn't smart. The Hopes, too, are my cousins, so I can be frank and tell the truth. If you marry to-morrow and throw open that perfectly beautiful house of yours—which is already a pride to the avenue—your gathering will be distinctly 'smart.' This is a mixture of old and new, the gently decadent mingled with the conspicuously 'arrived.' I swing like a pendulum betwixt the two sets, looking on with an impersonal feeling at the passing show, and enjoying all that comes to me from either side. But my cousin, Mrs. Hope, has decided that she is aweary of the old, and means to go over, neck and crop, among the new. She wants to be taken out of humdrum. Her husband—bless his unworldly soul!—will never help her.

"Her boy is just as bad, and all depends, therefore, upon dear little Lucy, the most natural, artless and unspoiled girl I know. Our *débutante*, for all she looks so childish, has studied, weighed, measured and thought over many things.

"Then, she and her mother do not sympathize, and that drives her into taking up odd notions and attempting impossibilities. Look at her now, talking with Jack Warriner, who can't keep away from her any more than he can keep his feelings out of his face. It would be just like Lucy to take that cross upon her shoulders, and it would result in certain disaster. Bless me, I'm fairly maundering. Let me introduce you to Miss Lancaster—Miss Kate Lancaster—Mr. Adamson," and she turned abruptly to two sister stars of fashion who were patiently stationed at her elbow.

"I have been coaching Mr. Adamson a little, girls, and now I must run away and leave him to you, for I've an early dinner on. You'll drop in some Saturday after five and let me resume my monologue, won't you, Mr. Adamson? It's the only way to prove to me that you have not been bored to death."

When Mrs. Arrowtip had taken her plain, charming face and striking figure away there was nothing left Adamson but to abandon himself to the current. In a short time he was surrounded, invited, flattered, reminded of "Tuesdays" and "Thursdays," and "almost any day, late," by at least half a hundred people whom he had never laid eyes on till that afternoon.

"I say, Rex, I'm eternally obliged to you," began Jack as the two men at last pulled out of it and started to walk up the ice-bound avenue in long, swinging strides. "Do you know, I'm restored to grace, and all through your agency? Mrs. Hope beckoned me back just now to ask if you and I will dine there with a 'very few *friends*' on Tuesday! Since when have I partaken of bread and salt under that roof-tree? I was to engage you by word of mouth, as the notice is so short, and to let her know."

"Oh, I don't think so, Jack," replied his friend shortly, then paused at the blank expression of Jack's face. "If you think it will be any good, I'll show up, of course."

"It's so hard for me to meet her, old fellow. Of course you can't understand my feelings, but it's getting to be life and death to me to have these little glimpses of her. She can't understand, either. How should she, a girl like that? When I asked her in a whisper just now to meet me to-morrow in the street somewhere and take a walk—ever so short a one—she told me she would not do it—ever."

"Right she is," said Rex, feeling much embarrassed. He could not explain even to himself his feeling of rejoicing at the moral courage of this girl whom his friend expected to make his wife—a girl who a couple of hours ago was nothing to him, and had suddenly become of such vast importance that in imagination he had constituted himself her knight and cavalier, to guard her from all evil and semblance of wrong-doing—to exalt her in other men's eyes, and keep her purity a thing enskied. Certainly he had no right to interfere—to preach to a man who had been so lucky as to win her love; but, knowing Jack as he did, the idea of connecting those two lives seemed abhorrent. If Lucy had been his sister he could not have shrank from it more.

To relieve himself, he dropped into one of his silent fits, which Jack knew by experience were no more to be penetrated than the side of an iceberg by a wave. They kept along together through an atmosphere clear as a bell, amid the hurrying figures of the great community at the end of a long day's work. Up above the housetop a new moon showed in an opaline sky. Far as the eye could reach ahead there was a solid mass of pedestrians, focusing on the sidewalks of the wide thoroughfare the life of the people among whom his lot was cast.

Their varied types and nationalities seemed to bring him in touch with those far places of earth whence he had come reluctantly away. Mrs. Arrowtip's shafts concerning his position and responsibilities recurred to him. If what she had said were true, he had too great a part to play in this world in miniature of latter-day New York to let himself be thus possessed by the double influence of a picture and a girl.

Before they reached the club, where Jack turned in and left him, he had given the promise Jack desired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—Part I. Circle of a Century, began in the Post of June 10. Part II. July 22.

EARNING AN EDUCATION

How Much Money Should The Student Have?

By W. S. Harwood

IN ORDER to study the handicap of money in American college life, the writer asked information from most of the leading university and college Presidents in the country. Replies were received from colleges and universities in nearly every State in the Union, from colleges for men and colleges for women, and colleges for both; from colleges denominational and undenominational. The institutions from which the information was secured have at present about fifty-five thousand students, more than half of the entire number in the country at large. Their productive funds amount to nearly sixty millions of dollars, not taking into account the income of the institutions from fees, tuition and the like. The matter was presented in the form of these questions:

1—In your opinion, taking all things into consideration, is the student paying his own way prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results?

2—Is an unlimited supply of money likely to be a handicap to the average college student?

3—Of two students having equal abilities, which has the better chance for college success, the one with much or the one with little money?

An emphatic negative was the answer of a very large number to the first question, and as emphatic an affirmative to the second. Not a few others gave explanatory words, noted below, indicative of the trend of present thought in the minds of some of the leading educators of America. Sometimes it is the President who writes in person, sometimes the Dean of the Faculty, or other official to whom the President has delegated the answering; but in all cases the answers may be taken as the thought of the institution. On the point of central importance—the unlimited supply of money—there was practically but one opinion—in fact, fully ninety-eight per cent. of the answers received maintained that such a supply of money is a handicap to the average student, while many pronounced it far more than a handicap. Owing to the uniformity of this sentiment the replies are not printed here except in one or two instances. It appears to be the quite general opinion, also, that the young man with insufficient means is also handicapped, though there is more variety of expression as to this feature. It is of interest to note, too, that very generally these college and university Presidents believe that of two students of equal ability, the one with little money, the other having much money, the one with little money has the better chance.

It has seemed that these opinions, coming as they do from some of the most prominent educators in America, might be of some considerable interest, not only to college students throughout the country and to all those particularly interested in educational enterprise, but to parents of present and prospective college students. Some of the many opinions follow, the replies being to the first and third questions:

Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.—A man obliged to work through his college course to pay expenses is prevented thereby from doing the best work.

The student that can pay his bills with little or nothing to spare has the better chance.

The Catholic University of America, Washington, District of Columbia.—The student who must earn enough money to pay all his expenses can rarely accomplish the best results as measured merely by the attainments required for a degree, since he cannot generally devote as much time and energy to his studies as they require; but as measured by his preparation for dealing with actual problems of life, the student who pays his own way ought not to be prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results. The danger always is that he may impair his health by overwork and the lack of good food.

The student with little money, provided he has enough to live in such a way as not to injure his health, has probably a better chance for college success than the student who has much money.

Vassar College.—The student paying her own way, taking all things into consideration, is not prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results.

It depends upon the student whether an unlimited supply of money is a handicap.

There is no difference between students of equal abilities, the one with much, the other with little money—both have temptations.

Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois.—To be obliged to pay one's own way is a serious obstacle to the securing of the best results, but not an insurmountable one.

Beyond question, the student with little money has the better chance.

University of Nebraska.—The student wholly paying his own way, unless he drops out of college for a year of money-making, is apt to injure his scholarship or his health.

If one must choose between a student with much or little money, the latter has the better chance for college success. The prayer of Agur is still wise: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Williams College.—In my opinion, the student who pays his way is not necessarily, by means of his money, prevented from attaining the best results, but in nine cases out of ten fails of those results.

I should say that of two students having equal ability, the one with little money is likely to get more out of his college course than the one who has a good deal of money. It is the same in college as it is everywhere with young men. Poverty teaches self-denial and develops energy; wealth encourages self-indulgence and too often develops effeminacy.

Bowdoin College.—It is a serious disadvantage to be dependent entirely on one's own exertions while going through college, for it requires a man to do the work of two men. Still, some are able to do this each year.

Too little money is better than too much. Just enough is best.

Ohio Wesleyan University.—The student who can come to us with a hundred and seventy-five or two hundred dollars for the necessary annual expenses seems to me to have the best financial conditions for successful work.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.—In my opinion, the student who pays his own way is somewhat seriously handicapped in accomplishing the best results. At the same time, I ought to add that many of the best men this institution has graduated have been men who have worked their own way through.

All things being considered, the man with little money probably has a better chance.

West Virginia University.—Of course, an education that is obtained under difficulties is much better than no education at all, but it is folly to close our eyes to the fact that poverty hinders many an earnest student from making the most of his opportunities in college. I think there is a great deal of nonsense in talking about the advantage of being obliged to make one's own way through college. An unlimited supply of money, in my judgment, is likely to be a handicap to the average college student. This does not mean, however, that an adequate supply of money is a handicap. Everything depends upon the individual student. The right sort of a student will not be injured by a liberal supply of money, but an excessive supply is without doubt a disadvantage to the average college student.

Beloit College.—I regard it as, on the whole, a distinct advantage that a student should have to pay his own way in part as a condition of obtaining a college education. It gives a reality and vigor to one's work which is less likely to be obtained by those who are carried through college. I do not regard it, however, as desirable that one should have to work his own way entirely, as the tax upon strength and time is likely to be such as to interfere with scholarship and to undermine health.

University of Michigan.—The student who pays his own way by labor must, of course, consume a good deal of his time in outside work, and I should say in most cases it would interfere somewhat with his accomplishing the *best* results.

An unlimited supply of money is pretty certain to be a handicap to the average college student. I think that any sum above $600 a year is likely to be disadvantageous.

I think, of two students having equal abilities, one with much and one with little money, the chances are generally in favor of the latter, though there are not a few cases where young men with abundant means are among the most meritorious students.

Iowa College.—A student paying his own way must devote much of his time to outside work, and there is, of course, danger that this may interfere with best results in the classroom. But a student with the right spirit will succeed.

University of Pennsylvania.—If you mean working at some remunerative occupation during his course, we can only say that, as university courses are now arranged, he would not only not get the best results, but would be unable to keep up at all. We give our students very little time for other things than their studies.

The student with little money has the better chance.

Harvard University.—There are this year in Harvard University 3901 students. The expenses of these students vary widely, not so much in consequence of the different charges made them, as because of the difference in the men themselves. Some men go through the year on not much more than $300, and others spend very much more. Of course, those men who are obliged to count every penny they spend, and also, very likely, to take time from their college work in order to increase their supply of pennies, cannot get from the college all that a man with more money can get.

Here, as everywhere, money is a very decided advantage.

Washington and Lee University.—The young man with little money generally has the better chance, though much depends upon the individual.

Cornell University, New York.—The student paying his own way is prevented from accomplishing the best results. The one with just enough has the better chance.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University.—The student paying his own way, unless very strong, or favored by special skill, so as to earn more than by muscular force, is prevented from accomplishing the best results.

The one with little money has the better chance if not starved or physically injured.

THE EXPENSES OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

Institution	*Average*	*Minimum*	*Maximum*	*Attendance*
Williams College	$700	$250	$1200	585
Bowdoin College	340	260	460	234
Ohio Wesleyan University	250	120	400	1300
University of Kansas	200	75	500	1100
Northwestern University	319	219	400	2942
West Virginia University	300	175	700	697
University of Michigan	300-400	250	800	3100
Beloit College	300	200	400	417
University of Vermont	300	200		554
Oberlin College	195-309			1044
Colgate University	250	175	350	177
Indiana University	150-300			1049
University of Pennsylvania	400	335	500	3834
Boston University		300	800	1500
Bryn Mawr College		400	675	340
Harvard University		300		3901
University of California	200	160	350	2300
Princeton University	250-1000			1100
Tufts College		263	386	580
Kenyon College	600	250	1000	91
Georgetown University	500	400	600-700	700
College of William and Mary		111	164	200
Smith College	600	150	1200	1104
Illinois Wesleyan University		200	500	1000
Carleton College	170	113	225	330
Washington and Lee University	225-250			160
*Vassar College	400			619
University of Nebraska	225	100	500	1915
Roanoke College		150	210	180
Louisiana State University	170	138	198	270
Middlebury College	250	150	500	107
Denison University	250	175	400	350
Wabash College		180	250	200
Howard University	100	75	125	800
University of Tennessee	260	140	800	598
Purdue University	150-200			750
University of Nashville	150-300			537
Hamilton College		300	600	150
Syracuse University	250-350			1200
Monmouth College		200	400	300
University of Illinois		200	500	1750
Cornell University (New York)	400-500	160	1000	2334
University of Wisconsin	320	125	800	1920
Brown University	265-890			925
University of Iowa	225		700	1200
Wellesley College	600	500	700	660
Minnesota State University	300	200		2900
Iowa College		200	450	500
Ohio State University		200	350	1102
Catholic University of America		350		165
Whitman College	250	175	500	215
Columbian University	280	220	360	1100
Leland Stanford, Jr., University	300	150	600	1200
University of North Carolina	205	160	500	487
Mt. Holyoke College	300	285	350	440
Allegheny College	225	150	400	300
Dartmouth College	350	250	600	694
Washington and Jefferson College	250	225	300	340
Yale University	545	350	800	2500
Bucknell University	186-260			220

*In Vassar College actual expense is the same to all students.

less cogent here, I think, than in the outside world, but necessarily existing.

Bryn Mawr College.—We have never had a student who has earned her entire way through college and at the same time maintained our usual high standard of work, but we have had students who have been able to earn part of their expenses.

Minnesota State University.—The student paying his own way is prevented thereby from accomplishing the best results. Many do well, but they seldom accomplish the *best* results. They get a valuable discipline, however, outside of books.

Just enough money to pay expenses without anxiety is best.

Boston University.—A former student lately told me that when in college he could earn in vacations $100 a week without difficulty, and that on completing his course he was at once requested to accept a $5000 salary. Such cases, however, are clearly exceptional.

I should say the student with plenty of money had the better chance; but, taking students as we find them, most colleges show that among the best students those with little money constitute the majority.

Princeton University.—Of course a student who has to earn money to pay his expenses is necessarily handicapped to a certain extent on that account, but I would not like to say that he is thereby kept from accomplishing the best results.

I think the question as to whether a man is helped or hindered by a liberal supply of money is one that cannot be answered in general terms; all depends upon the man.

Tufts College.—The student who works his way may do it with ease and profit, and he may be seriously handicapped, both by his necessities and the time he is obliged to bestow on outside matters.

I have seen the sons of rich men lead in scholarship, and the sons of poor men. Poverty under most of the conditions in which we find it in colleges is a spur. Dartmouth College, I think, furnishes a good example. The greater part of its patronage is from poor men. Without examining the statistics, I should say, from facts that have fallen under my observation, that a larger percentage of Dartmouth men have risen to distinction than those of almost any other American college.

College of William and Mary.—Students paying their own way are much hampered by the distractions engendered. An unlimited supply of money will ruin nine out of ten students.

The young man with little money has better chances of success than he with much.

Smith College.—A student who pays her own way is generally prevented from accomplishing the best results, as she is apt, thereby, to impoverish her mental and physical force.

A student is likely to succeed better in college who has money enough to prevent the mind from being distracted by the effort to procure a livelihood, but not enough to indulge extravagant or indolent inclinations.

Kenyon College.—Of two students with equal ability, I am of opinion that the one with a liberal supply of money is likely to prove the more successful in college. He has not the constant anxiety about money matters to be a drain upon his nervous energy, and can devote his attention and strength more entirely to study.

Moreover, the man with plenty of money is able to enter into all students' organizations and to enjoy diversions which enable him to go back to work with renewed zest. He is able, too, to give his leisure time to general reading, whereas the poor boy is very possibly obliged to earn a little money.

I should say that, on the whole, our most satisfactory and our most unsatisfactory students come with plenty of money. If they have ability and ambition they are in a position to do better work than the poor boys.

To illustrate: the Association for Promoting the Interest of Church Colleges offers annually three prizes of $500 to seniors and three of $300 to Juniors, in Kenyon, Hobart, Trinity, and the University of the South, for excellence in (1) English, (2) Latin and Greek, and (3) Mathematics and Physics. Only five prizes were awarded last year, and of these, two went to Kenyon students, and in the other three competitive examinations Kenyon students came in as very close seconds. Of the five men who represented our best students, three were the sons of wealthy parents, one had to practice some economy, but only one absolutely needed the money. Again: of the four men elected to Phi Beta Kappa in our last Senior class, three were boys of large means and only one was a poor boy.

Georgetown University, Washington, District of Columbia.—There is nothing to prevent a student paying his own way from obtaining the best results.

State University of Iowa.—I do not believe a student can pay his own way entirely by work done during term time and during vacation without some diminution of the results of his work.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the student with little money is far more likely to do well than the student with much money. I have sometimes put it in this way: the son of a rich man may succeed, the son of a poor man may fail.

Washington University, St. Louis.—I do not believe the student can earn his own living and get the best results from his course.

If a student has enough money to live decently and comfortably he is in a position to do the best work.

Ohio State University.—A phenomenal man will secure phenomenal results under any circumstances, but the average man is certainly handicapped by being obliged to earn his way.

Of two students having equal ability, he has the better chance for success who has sufficient money for his reasonable expenses, neither more nor less.

Columbian University, Washington, District of Columbia.—Some of the best men I know worked their way through college. Other first-class men whom I know have broken down by having to work their way. If a man has the physical and intellectual strength, and the grit to make his way alone, he will get as good results as anybody. On the other hand, so far as my observation goes, if a man has a choice between working his own way through college and having his way paid, he would be very unwise not to accept the latter course.

A man with only enough money to meet the necessary demands has the better chance.

University of Kansas.—Fifty-four per cent. of our young men are entirely self-supporting, and fifteen per cent. of our young women. The minimum expense per year is as low as $75; the average expense is about $200. There are very few students in this institution who spend more than $500 per annum.

In most cases the student with little money has the better chance; in some cases the opposite is true.

Dartmouth College.—In some cases the student paying his own way is prevented from accomplishing the best results; in others he is not.

The one with little money has the better chance.

Washington and Jefferson College.—If both students are free to spend all they have, the less one has beyond his living expenses the better. But a few of our richest students have been among the best.

Wellesley College.—The student paying her own way is prevented from accomplishing the best results.

The one with a fair amount has the better chance.

Radcliffe College.—In my opinion, the student who pays her own way while studying cannot accomplish the best results. The work in Radcliffe requires a student's best energies, if it is to be of the highest grade, and the opportunities for intellectual and social cultivation offered at Cambridge (at no expense) are so many and so great that a student who has not time to share in them loses a great deal.

Life is too simple and unostentatious in Cambridge to make a show of money, and even the daughters of the rich have not "an unlimited supply."

I think it would make no difference whatever as to which of two students has the better chance, the one with much or the one with little money. Why should it?

Information was requested as to the average, minimum and maximum expense of students. Selecting forty-five representative colleges and universities, having a student population of somewhat over forty thousand, it appears that the average expense per year is $304; the average minimum expense, $207; the average maximum expense, $529. In some of the smaller colleges the minimum expense per year is from $75 to $110. There are many who get along on an expenditure of from $150 to $200 per year, while the maximum expense rises in but few instances above $1000.

In Western and Southern colleges the averages are lower. For example, eighteen well-known Western colleges and universities have a general average expense of $242 per year, while fourteen as well-known Eastern institutions give an average expense of $444.

The BOOKS of the Week

War and Piping Peace*

WRITERS of war stories ought to be sworn in like witnesses, or jurymen, or deputy sheriffs, to speak the truth and as much of it as possible, and nothing else. Mr. Woods' frontispiece to The Garden of Swords pictures Lefort riding into the death-pit at an extreme speed on a horse of highly stimulated impetuosity. You say when you see it, "Here's a war story: all glory and hard knocks," and you go on in a sanguine spirit looking for entertainment.

It is a war story, and you get your entertainment, but it is of a pretty stern sort, for Mr. Pemberton's war is a serious business, with misery abounding and glory to seek. As a war writer, Mr. Pemberton seems to belong rather to the school of Tolstoi and Stephen Crane than to that of Charles Lever and T. Roosevelt. He does not make war seem nice. According to the best authorities it isn't nice, and is deserving of the sort of portrait Mr. Pemberton takes of it.

His war in this book is the Franco-Prussian, in 1870. He does the Battle of Worth for us, and the siege of Strasburg. At Worth we are the French, and are thrashed mightily. At Strasburg we are the insiders, and though we are heroic in the doggedness of our obstinacy, and hold out long, long after the game is up, at last we surrender.

At Strasburg, however, our private concerns so engross us that we do not bother with the fighting part. Our brand new husband is a prisoner of the Prussians; our dear English friend is skulking in Strasburg, hurt and in extreme peril; our mother, the old Countess, sticks to her crumbling palace, and we stay with her, agitated by shells, villains, starvation, and perils within perils, intimate and imminent. We survive the siege—survive everything, and prodigious vitality we show in doing it.

Mr. Pemberton hasn't made a pleasant war story, but the discriminating reader will be glad to have looked on at his Worth and to have been penned up in his Strasburg. His war is good, honest Hades; the lid is off it, and it has no sugar frosting on its top. It is war as seen by the losers. Will some Spaniard some time write the story of the other side of last summer's sea-fights? I hope so. The losing side of war needs fuller treatment. The winners, as a rule, get much more than their share of attention.

As a war story this story seems worth while. As for the civil side of it, that might perhaps have been more pleasing without serious violence to probabilities. That a gallant Frenchman should have been capable of the grotesque doubts that Mr. Pemberton's gallant Frenchman entertained is disconcerting. That the Anglo-Saxons and Teutons should have so nearly a monopoly of capacity and common sense as Mr. Pemberton represents is somewhat staggering to one's credulity, though many of his facts are historical. Still, the story is a good one, and there will still be smoke in the reader's lungs for a whole day after he has finished with it.

*The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

When Harvard Sleeps†

Let him clear his lungs and appease his mind by reading The Pedagogues, Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier's story of the Harvard Summer School. Did you ever happen to frequent the Harvard Square part of Cambridge in mid-summer, when Harvard animation is undergoing its annual period of suspense? The corpse of the college is there, and, really, it gives you creepy feelings to sit up with it. I think Hawthorne would have found good inspirations in Harvard Square in August.

Into these mid-summer Harvard remains Mr. Pier has breathed the limited life of the summer school. There is not enough of it to bring the giant to, but it makes his trance uneasy, as though a pin were stuck gently into him.

Most summer-school students are teachers seeking to be taught that they may teach more effectually. Mr. Pier has to do with but one group of them, thirty-five strong, gathered to study English literature and composition under Alfred Honoré Palatine. We come to know Palatine and four of his pedagogue pupils: Miss Petwood, the New England school-teacher, essaying to avoid superannuation by gaining fresh knowledge; Miss Carleton, and Mr. Gorch and Jessie Deagle, of Ohio. Three of them are there to study letters; one to study life. How Jessie Deagle, in her pursuit of social experience, set her cap at her instructor, and what came of it, is the story.

It is a pleasure to recommend Mr. Pier's Mr. Palatine as an altruistic gentleman with a turn for saying what he does not really mean. What an amazing deal the instructors in literature know! How can they discourse to their classes with such intelligence and authority, and so glibly, about all the great writers, from Addison to Dooley, and give each his due? How are they able to have so many definite and conclusive views, and such convincing reasons for them? It is a pretty trade, and very deftly it is practiced. Palatine was really good at it, and his discourses as an instructor are, for one reader at least, the best feature of Mr. Pier's book.

Ohio will complain that Gorch and Miss Deagle are too crude to be justifiably accredited to her. Civilization in Ohio is more advanced and pervasive than, possibly, Mr. Pier appreciates. —*E. S. Martin.*

†The Pedagogues: A Story of the Harvard Summer School. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. *Small, Maynard & Co.*

Editor's Note—Under the head of Book Notes and Answers the Literary Editor will be glad to reply to questions on book matters from the readers of the Post.

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

From Drugs to Literature.—A new book by Theodore Burt Sayre, who has already won a small share of fame as a play writer, is well under way. It is less than six years ago that Mr. Sayre left his father's drug store in New York and attached himself to a metropolitan afternoon paper as a reporter. He carried a small bag, such as school teachers and stenographers carry, containing his note-book—an elaborate affair with silver bindings—pencils and other trinkets. When not gathering newslings, that appeared under the head of City Briefs when they appeared at all, he spent his leisure time writing plays.

He was a pretty, pink-cheeked boy with a merry smile and bright eyes. Tiring of journalism, he returned to drugs, and for a few years he mixed syrups and literature with equal success until at last he has made his hit.

A New Naval Writer.—James Barnes, the author of stories of the sea which are rapidly winning fame for himself and handsome profits for his publishers, lives with his father in New York, not far from Central Park. He comes from a long line of naval officers on both sides of the family. His father is a retired Captain in the Navy, and his grandfather held the rank of a Rear-Admiral.

Mr. Barnes has seen much of the sea and heard still more. Since his graduation from Princeton he has devoted himself steadily to writing, and has just completed a biography of Admiral Farragut.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins.—A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than that between Margaret Sutton Briscoe and her husband, Professor Hopkins, of Amherst College. She is a round, sparkling little Southern woman, full of life and vivacity.

He is a tall, angular New Englander, who might have posed for his brilliant wife's portraits of such characters in her charming stories. Mrs. Hopkins spends the winter months hard at work in her college home, and in the summer takes an outing with her family. Of recent years she has become one of the best-paid of American story-writers.

Authors for College Presidents.—Professor Edward N. Vallandigham, of the Delaware State College, who was prominently mentioned for the Presidency of the California State University, several years ago was a newspaper editor in New York. Since his connection with the Delaware College he has kept up his literary work. His successful competitor is Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell, who is best known to the public by his life of Alexander the Great.

Illustrating Novels from Photographs.—A novel method of illustrating fiction has been invented by a New York photographer. Late in June he posed James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering, of Prisoner of Zenda fame, for the illustrations of a novel by a popular writer. They will be the hero and heroine of the story, and the studio was set with stage properties to supply the needs of the novelist. Other well-known actors will pose for the other characters. One drawback to this method is the expense. It is understood that Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannering receive $50 each for each sitting.

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SITTING UP WITH MRS. JENKS

BY JULIA TRUIT BISHOP ✦ ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE news of illness traveled fast at the Cross-Roads—more rapidly than dwellers in cities, who have the morning paper at the breakfast-table, will be able to understand.

George Smith had but to meet a neighbor in the road, and casually mention that one of the quiverful to whom he always alluded as "the seven younguns," was "chillin'," and that he "reckined" it was "from eatin' too many muscadines," and before noon seven of the neighbors would have "stepped over" to see if there was anything they could do.

But the special delight of the Cross-Roads was to "set up" when any one was sick. On the night when the people "set up" at Mrs. Higgins' residence, her aged relative, "ole Mis' Jinks," being expected to die, Miss Samanthy Teakwood took mental note of the assembly and afterward made scornful mention of it to her father.

"'Was they enough of us?'" she repeated with emphasis. "Well, I should hope so! They was me an' Mariar Smith an' ole Mis' Bolivar, an' they wouldn't none of the Higginses go to bed, they was all so afraid Mis' Jinks would die in the night, they said; an' so the whole roomful of us set up there; an' it shows the ole woman's powerful tough, or she would 'a' died."

Mr. Teakwood repeated these remarks with much enjoyment at the store that night:

"It beats all what a crowd o' women talks about when they git together," he said thoughtfully. "Samanthy tol' me all about what them women entertained theirselves with while they was a-settin' up with ole Mis' Jinks. Bless gracious, if ever I git sick an' a crowd like that comes a-settin' up with me, jest send for a coffin for me, an' git it over.

"'How do you 'pear to be feelin' now?' Jane Higgins would say, tip-toein' up to the bed in a pair o' shoes that squeaked so loud you could 'a' heard 'em over to Zion.

"'Cow an' yearlin'!' snaps the ole woman. 'What do I keer about any cow an' yearlin'? If you can't talk sense, don't talk at all!'

"'Pore creeter, she's gittin' powerful deef,' says ole Mis' Higgins, droppin' down on to the sofy an' wipin' her eyes on the corner of her apron. 'She ain't long for this worl'. Well, there can't nobody say that we ain't done a good part by her. What's that she was askin' fur? Is there anything I could git fur ye, Mis' Jinks, dear?'

"'Some cold biled screechowl,' says ole Mis' Jinks, a-raisin' herself a little; 'an git it quick, with a little less gabbin'.'

"An' she dropped back, an' was a-snorin' before anybody could say a word.

"'Good land!' says ole Mis' Bolivar, 'if I was a bit superstitious, Mis' Higgins, I'd take that for a warnin'.'

"'It's a blessed thing I ain't superstitious,' says Mis' Higgins. 'If I had 'a' been, I'd 'a' been as crazy as a lunatic with the warnin's I been a-havin' for the past few weeks.'

"'Land! Anything out o' common?' says ole Mis' Bolivar, edgin' a little closter.

"'Well, I should say so! Only las' Sunday two weeks ago Sophy was onrollin' her bangs by the glass in the fur bedroom, an' she hit the glass with one o' them long elbers o' her'n, an' down it come, an' broke into a thousan' pieces. I ain't noways superstitious, but the minute it happened I says, says I, "They's goin' to be a death in thisshher fam'ly." An' now, look a' yonder!'

"'An' that ain't all that's happened, ma,' says Jane Higgins; an' Mis' Marsh hitched her cheer roun' a leetle further.

"'No, nor that ain't the worst,' says ole Mis' Higgins. 'Las' Sunday a week, a whole crowd o' folks come home with us from Zion, an' we got dinner fixed, an' got 'em all down to the table, an' was half through eatin' 'fore any of us noticed that there was thirteen at the table!'

"'Thirteen!' screams Mis' Marsh.

"'Thirteen!' says Mis' Higgins in a holler voice. 'An' I knowed in a minute they was goin' to be a death jest as well as if I'd 'a' saw it. I ain't got a speck o' superstition about me, but when things come as plain as that there ain't no gittin' roun' 'em.'

"An' then ever' cheer drawed closter, an' you never see sech a set o' wild-eyed skeer-crows as them women was. They set an' set, Samanthy says, lookin' like they was afeerd to breathe; at las' ole Mis' Marsh says:

"'They's one more sign I ain't never knowed to fail. The day before my little Pete was tuck sick we was all a-settin' roun' the fire one night, eatin' goober candy, an' a screechowl come right into the yard an' hollered till it 'u'd 'a' sent the cold chills all over ye; an' shore enough, Pete, he took sick from eatin' too much o' that candy, an' in less'n a week he was a cawpse!'

"'I ain't heerd no screechowls yet,' Mis' Higgins was beginnin', when jest at that minute one broke loose right at the winder, an' give a long, shiverin' screech, an' 'fore you could 'a' said Jack Roberson ever' livin' woman was in the fur bedroom, with the door locked, an' sech cries an' wails a-comin' out o' there! Samanthy says she went out in the yard an' foun' that boy o' mine, that Jack, a-rollin' on the grass, an' a-laughin' like a crowded house; but whether it was Jack or whether it was a screechowl, the ole woman's gittin' well. I seen her settin' on the gal'ry as I come by there this mornin'. Funny about how superstitious women is, ain't it?"

"You can't find no woman that ain't got some kin' o' superstition," said uncle Silas Benson, taking careful aim at the box of sand, and missing it by a hair's breadth. "They won't start a piece o' work on Friday, or they dropped the dishrag an' somebody's comin', or some kin' o' tomfoolery; if it ain't one thing, it's another. Thank gracious, there ain't no superstition about me!"

"No, nor me, neither," said Mr. Teakwood, and Pendarvis and Smith murmured that they didn't know the meaning of the word.

"The idee o' carr'in' on like that because a dog howled, or a screechowl hollered," said Uncle Silas Benson scornfully, reaching into a cavernous pocket after his knife, the usual partner of his meditations.

As he drew it out, something fell, and he got up and felt over the floor and in the corner behind the nail keg.

"What'd ye drop? Is this it?" asked George Smith, who had joined in the search, and who gazed curiously at a little wizened object which he held in his hand.

"Yes, that's it," said Uncle Silas Benson, taking it. "That's the potato I carry in my pocket to keep off the rheumatiz."

There was a moment's awkward silence, broken by George Smith.

"I had the rheumatix oncet," he said, "an' I cured it by wearin' a red yarn string roun' my leg."

Mr. Teakwood felt that there was a general disposition to change the subject, and he struck in softly:

"Speakin' o' potatoes, I don't know when I ever had as good a crop as what I've got this year. I planted 'em along about the middle o' March, in the dark o' the moon——"

Then they all stared at one another, until Pendarvis, stooping to punch the fire, dropped a rabbit's foot from his breast pocket.

"It's turned consid'able colder since dark," said Mr. Teakwood feelingly. "If it keeps on they'll be a frost in the mornin'."

And the silence that followed was so deep that a mouse ran gayly out on the floor, under the impression that everybody had retired.

VII XII VI

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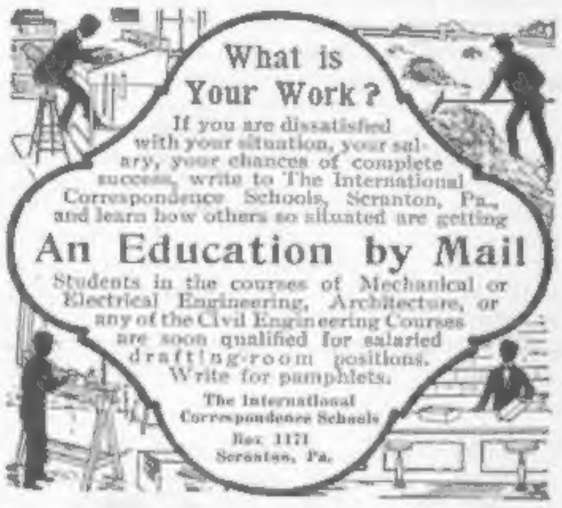
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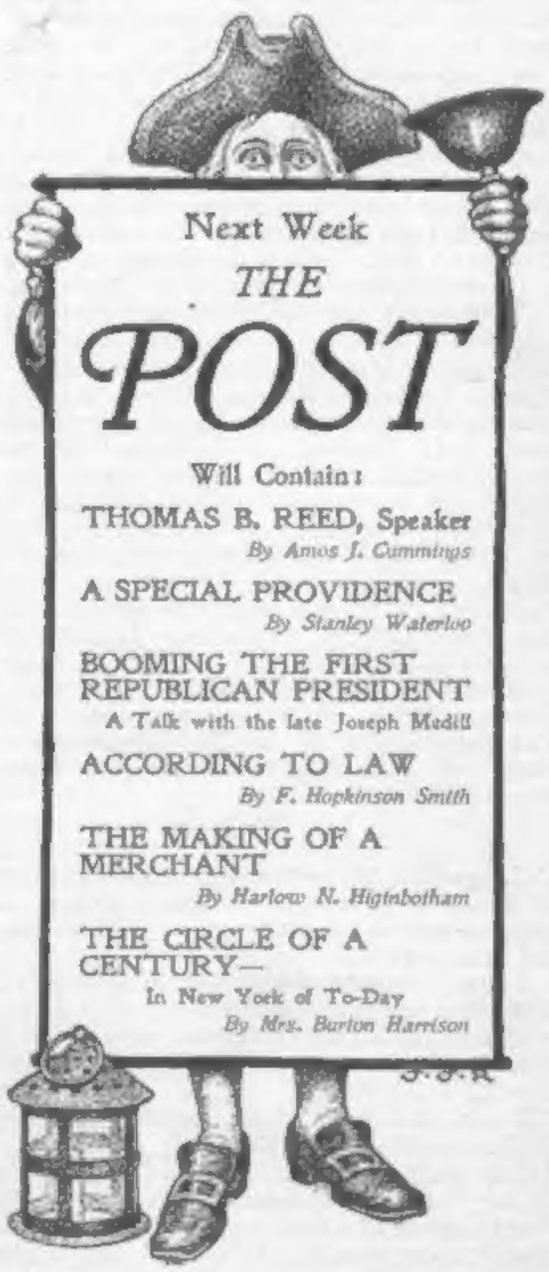
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